

MAR 20 1925

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



A Portrait in Cement of M. Rey.
Chana Orloff, Sculptor.

Two Shillings & Sixpence Net.

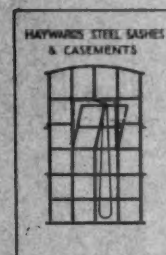
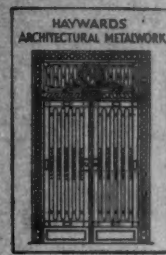
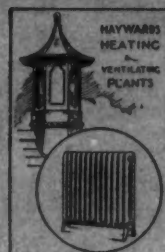
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Vol. LVII

March 1925

No. 340

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Plate I.

March 1925.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

From a Photograph by Basil Ionides.

Art in Education.

THERE are signs which lead one to hope that the arts will play a greater part than heretofore in English education. Among undergraduates, and among boys and girls in school, the number of those who are fond of music, of drawing, and of decoration seems to be larger than it used to be. This change in feeling is already noticeable in elementary as well as in secondary schools; in the old as well as in the new Universities. It affects the young generation more than the old. It is just beginning to touch the pre-suppositions which underlie our system of school tests by examination. The faint green of spring is colouring the landscape.

Not that the colour of the educational fields before this change came was unlovely. The old tradition of intellectual training in Universities and schools is, at its best, a severely beautiful thing, masterly like plain song or monochrome-design, within the appointed limits of its practice. But among some of the younger people there is a desire for other forms of self-expression, just as in Chinese painting at the time of the Yuan dynasty, strong colour changed the sepia of the Sung.

As to the reasons for this change in feeling, conjecture alone is possible. One cause, perhaps, is the wider draught of the net which brings into schools and Universities many who, in the old days, would never have sought this kind of education. From the Revival of Learning to quite recent times, Universities and higher schools specialized in literary technique or in mathematics. Pupils whose forte lay in music or the graphic arts found their training, if they did find it, elsewhere. Of course, there is a firm traditional art in the teaching of languages, literature, and mathematics. In this art many teachers in our schools and Universities have always excelled. But its subject-matter, its canons, its methods are distinct from, or at most only overlap, those of the graphic arts and of music. Thus, the older educational tradition, in spite of rich variety within its own sphere, was specialized. It fitted certain types of mind, certain kinds of natural gift. Artistic ability, in the narrow sense of the words, was not catered for. And the teachers in schools and Universities under the old tradition were chosen in the main, though, of course, not exclusively, for their promise of becoming skilful in literary or mathematical technique. Now, however, a demand for more alternative courses of training shows itself both in Universities and in schools.

Both of the latter contain a considerable number of pupils for whom the old curriculum is not the most appropriate. What is at issue is not merely an "enrichment" of existing courses of school and University education, but the wisdom of recognizing generously and boldly, as of academic value, courses of training which are different in kind from those hitherto accepted as academic. The liberal encouragement of musical appreciation in schools and Universities, the giving of opportunities for the study and enjoyment of the graphic arts, the acceptance of rhythmic physical exercises as part of the recreations of school life, wise and good as these changes are, does not touch the central issue at stake. The fundamental questions are whether an exacting training in one or more of the arts is to be accepted as equivalent in academic value to that of an exacting training in the traditional school subjects; and, if it is, whether such a

training in an art can be successfully installed in ordinary schools and in those Universities which are organized in harmony with old scholastic principles and predominantly staffed by men and women unversed in fine and applied art.

This controversy is only just beginning. There are signs that it may become acute. Already our English examination system is challenged by demands for change.

These signs of strain are ominous. The system of school examinations, prevalent in England, has defects. We grumble about them continually. And there is ground for our grumbles. But, *au fond*, the examination system as we have it in England is bound up with the freedom and variety of English secondary education. If one examines it carefully in the light of its long history, one finds that it is woven out of two different kinds of thread. The older material was chosen for the purpose of *selection*. Examinations of the modern type began in England with the object of finding out the cleverest pupils and of rewarding their cleverness, whether by promotion into a higher class, or by the award of scholarship or prizes, or by the bestowal of an honour. On this side of their nature our English examinations tend to be competitive in order to be selective. But about seventy years ago another purpose was super-added to the selection purpose. Examinations were applied as a *means of audit*. They were found useful as a check upon the teacher's industry and thoroughness. If the examiner found the pupils well prepared, the inference was that the teachers had not been idle.

Now, under English conditions, it was of great political and social importance to discover a test for the teacher's industry without introducing a system of inspection of schools by inspectors appointed by the State to examine the intellectual work of the schools. For centuries, as Burke said, we have been a divided people. Ready, it is true, to unite in the hour of danger against a peril which threatens our national existence, we are, nevertheless, divided amongst ourselves in ways of looking at life and in our preference for this and the other kinds of social order. Schools, however, are part of the indispensable preparation for citizenship. As therefore our ideals of citizenship are in some respects diverse, we are prone to attach value (sometimes even an exaggerated value) to diversity in the temper, in what is often called "the atmosphere," of our schools. Such diversity, however, is incompatible in the long run, with any exacting kind of State management of the intellectual labours of teachers and pupils. We have bought our educational freedom at the price of refusing to accept State organization of our higher schools. It has been a heavy price to pay. Because we have paid it, we have had to put up with a lower standard of intellectual attainment among the average pupils in our schools than that which has been achieved in many other European countries. But in the place of that higher intellectual standard we have got something which in its different way is as well worth having.

I doubt, though I wish I did not doubt, the possibility of combining what is best in the French system of secondary education with what is best in the English. Nevertheless, an attempt, not always deliberate, is now being made to accomplish such a combination. The tendency of the time

is to try to achieve a union of French standards and English. The drift of administrative action, supported in the main by the opinion of teachers, is naturally in accordance with the tendency of the time. But we are still at a very early stage of this movement which aims (so far as it is clear about its aim) at making the schools intellectually more exacting, and at the same time leaving them free for diversity in their outlook on life and on many subjects of human controversy. By adroit and tolerant handling the examination system has been screwed up and made a little less heterogeneous without any direct invasion of the intellectual and moral autonomy of different types of school.

But it shows signs of strain. It may not survive very long in its present form. The tide of English feeling may carry us forward to a point at which the present examination system will be found cumbrous and obsolete. Yet, when the inner structure of that system is destroyed, we shall find that we have lost one of the guarantees (however harassing a guarantee) of our freedom. And, as we care for freedom very deeply, I suspect that, when great controversial issues begin to affect the schools again, there will be a revolt against the tighter kind of State control which is not unlikely to replace our present rather easy-going system of examination.

This contingency of conflict upon fundamental issues in the problem of national education has been brought nearer by the discovery that in our schools there are some boys and girls for whom the older type of curriculum is a misfit. These pupils need opportunity for artistic work of an active, not merely of a passive kind. That sort of work cannot be tested by the ordinary form of examination. You can test, more or less, degrees of *appreciation*, but you cannot, by an examination designed for thousands of candidates, test with equal efficiency the *power* of pupils to do things worth doing with brush or pencil or other tools.

For these reasons I foresee the coming of great difficulties, sooner or later, in English education. The growth of in-

terest in art among our young people is something to be thankful for. But that growth of interest will give rise to just dissatisfaction with our present examination system, and we are therefore likely to see the latter challenged in a few years' time.

I imagine that what is likely to happen is something like this: Room will be found in our examination system for recognition of the claims of *appreciation* in music and in the plastic arts. This will allow the schools to give a good deal more time to art, and especially to teaching which is designed to awaken and guide the appreciation of art. This, so far as it goes, will be, on balance, good. But the pupils who have *creative* power in art want opportunities for developing that power under severe and exacting discipline, and in an air which fosters the growth of artistic skill. I doubt whether the very best of such pupils will get what they ought to get if they are merged in schools planned for the training of other kinds of mental excellence. But there will be a growing public demand for authoritative evidence of a boy or girl having attended an approved secondary school and of having gained the certificate in the studies required by such a school. That is where the pinch will come. Some few of those endowed with creative power in the arts may, though with the best intentions, be misdirected. Nevertheless, I hope that some even of these may in the end be none the worse for having gone through the mill of an exacting secondary education before devoting themselves to training and self-training in art. The future alone can show whether some of those who might have excelled in art will be lost to art through having been compelled while at school to throw their whole strength into other kinds of study.

MICHAEL E. SADLER.

POSTSCRIPT.—The University School of Architecture at Liverpool is an outstanding, almost a unique, instance of the triumph of a new educational principle in academic life.

M. E. S.



THE ASSEMBLY ROOM, THE AUCTIONEERS' AND ESTATE AGENTS' INSTITUTE, LONDON.

The Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

Designed by Greenaway and Newberry.

With Photographs by W. Ingle.

WHEN asked to review this building the Editor remarked that in his opinion it was "rather a pleasant building." After visiting it, and being taken all over it by my old friend Greenaway, who, in partnership with Newberry, designed it, I think that these few words sum up the merits of its outward face almost exactly. It was not designed to aim at originality, neither is it a slavish copy of any other building. It marks intentionally, I fancy, no advance in architectural thought except in so far as it is undoubtedly a very pleasant addition to the noble square in which it is situated. On a corner site the Auctioneers and Estate Agents have belied the taunt of land values so often levied against them. Through their architects they have secured a home which not only does not outrage the square by raising its head in challenge to the London Building Act, but which, with a modesty we all welcome, has bowed the knee to the seemly altitude of the other buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Is it too much to hope that other owners of properties in squares in London will do the same. I think that if criticism is directed against this building by the occupants of Lincoln's Inn Fields it may be directed chiefly against two comparative details. The green shutters, to be logical, should pervade the façade, and not be limited to one floor—the second only—especially when the workers, who may require their shelter most from the rather fickle London sunlight, are situated on the ground floor. These shutters give a certain sense of domesticity to the building which may not be inappropriate, but they also spoil, to my mind, the proportion of the windows and make these look wider and squatter than is seemly. "Scrap the lot," say I. The main entrance, on the other hand, is an attempt to redeem the building from its domestic uses and turn it into a semi-public building, and so the mind and the eye are each in turn distracted by this vague suggestion of a contradiction which is not borne out in any of the other details of the façade, all of which express clearly and simply the purpose for which the building is being used. Anyone can see that the solid daily work of the Institute is being conducted on the ground floor in a kind of semi-rusticated solid base. All institutes, even our own, need such a foundation. The first floor, with its tall, graceful windows and balconies indicate the ceremonial meeting-room and its



THE FRONT.

spacious air of talk. Above this is a floor (except for the green shutters) obviously devoted to serious council meetings, and tucked away in attics, barely visible from the street, a series of committee rooms where much of the quiet business of the Institute is carried through, in rooms which will probably conceal in the future a great deal of good, serious work of the members, but display to the architect at a glance a great deal of good, serious work on the part of the designers in obtaining so much variety of shape and form in very confined roof spaces.

It is a great treat in modern London to find a new building which looks what it is, and does not attempt to ape something it is not, like Bush House, which, on one of its fronts, looks like the entrance to a cathedral (of a non-sectarian character it is true)

instead of a block of ordinary, up-to-date, business offices.

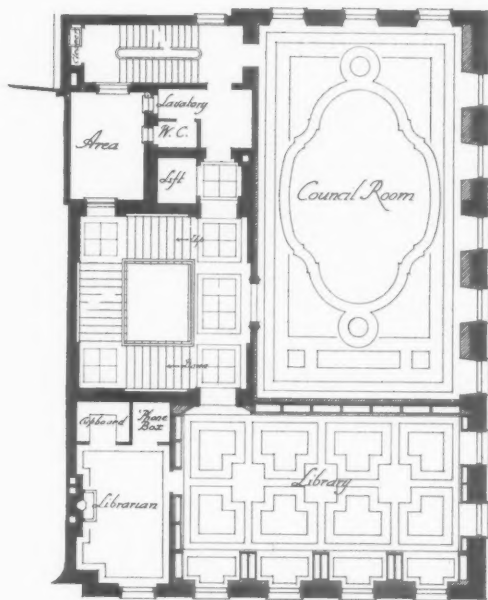
The plan of this Institute is a model of what can be done with a small site; no space is wasted, but a great deal of dignity is obtained by a simple sub-division of the space available. The sub-division decided upon is adhered to throughout. No false tricks or subtle use of steelwork are resorted to, to do what planning failed to do. Walls carry walls, and voids come above voids. The result is obvious. There is simplicity throughout, and one feels that one is in a building which (like Topsy) grew naturally and was inevitable when once the plan of the main floor was settled. Of the decoration of the various rooms the photographs speak for themselves. The entrance hall in marble, entirely lit with borrowed lights, is an extremely successful example of what can be done under these limitations. The meeting-room, panelled in walnut, is a fine example of modern craftsmanship, and by careful design gives an impression of greater height and spaciousness than it really possesses; in fact, all through the interior, in spite of a confined site, this effect of spaciousness is obtained, which may be due to the simplicity of the plan, but may have some other cause behind it. Students of modern architecture may well study this building, not, as I have already written, for any unexpected outbreak of originality in design, but for a thoroughly sane and sensible use of the space available, and thought for the purposes for which the building is required.

MAURICE E. WEBB.

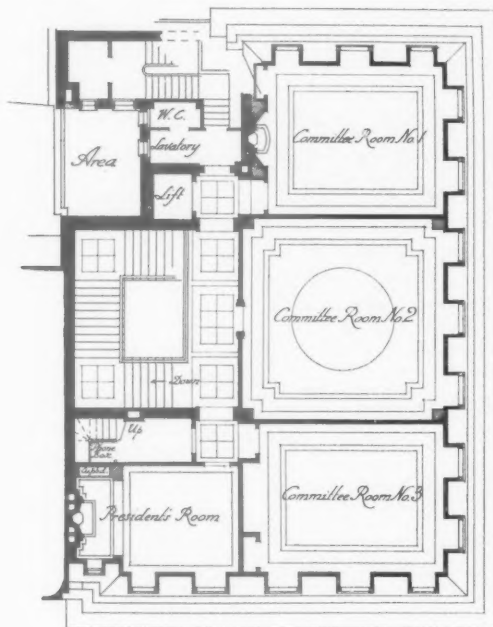


THE AUCTIONEERS' AND ESTATE AGENTS' INSTITUTE.

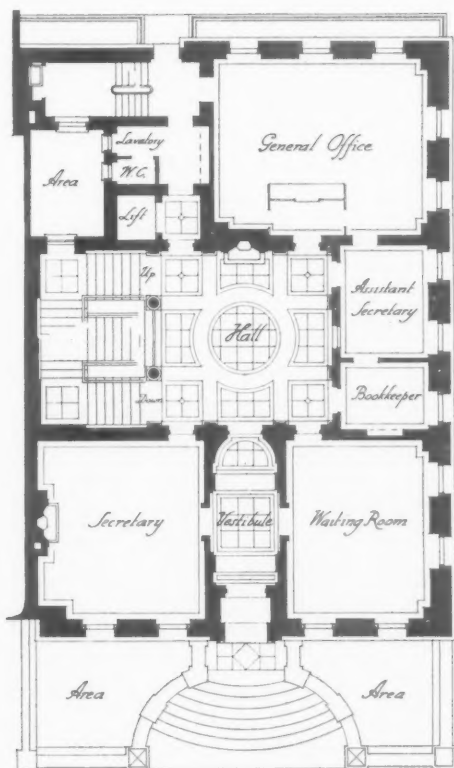
From Lincoln's Inn Fields.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

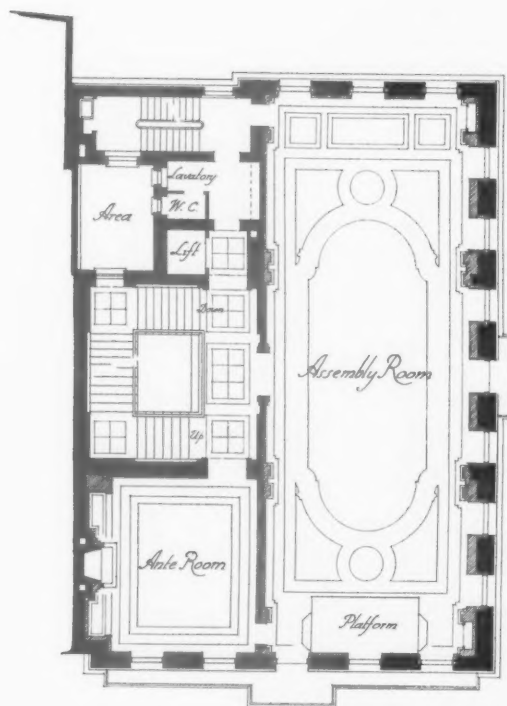


PLAN OF THIRD FLOOR



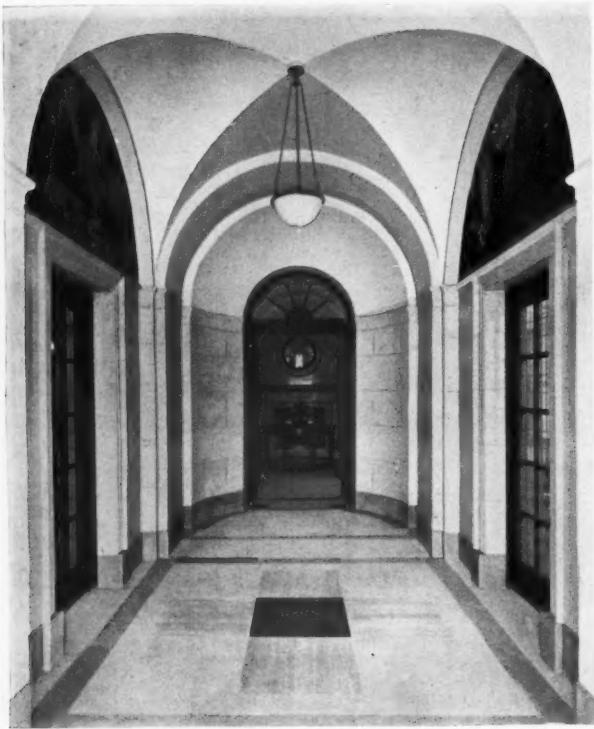
PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR

Lincoln's Inn Fields



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

Newman Row



THE VESTIBULE.



THE HALL.



A DETAIL OF THE ENTRANCE.



A COMMITTEE ROOM.



THE TOP FLOOR LANDING.



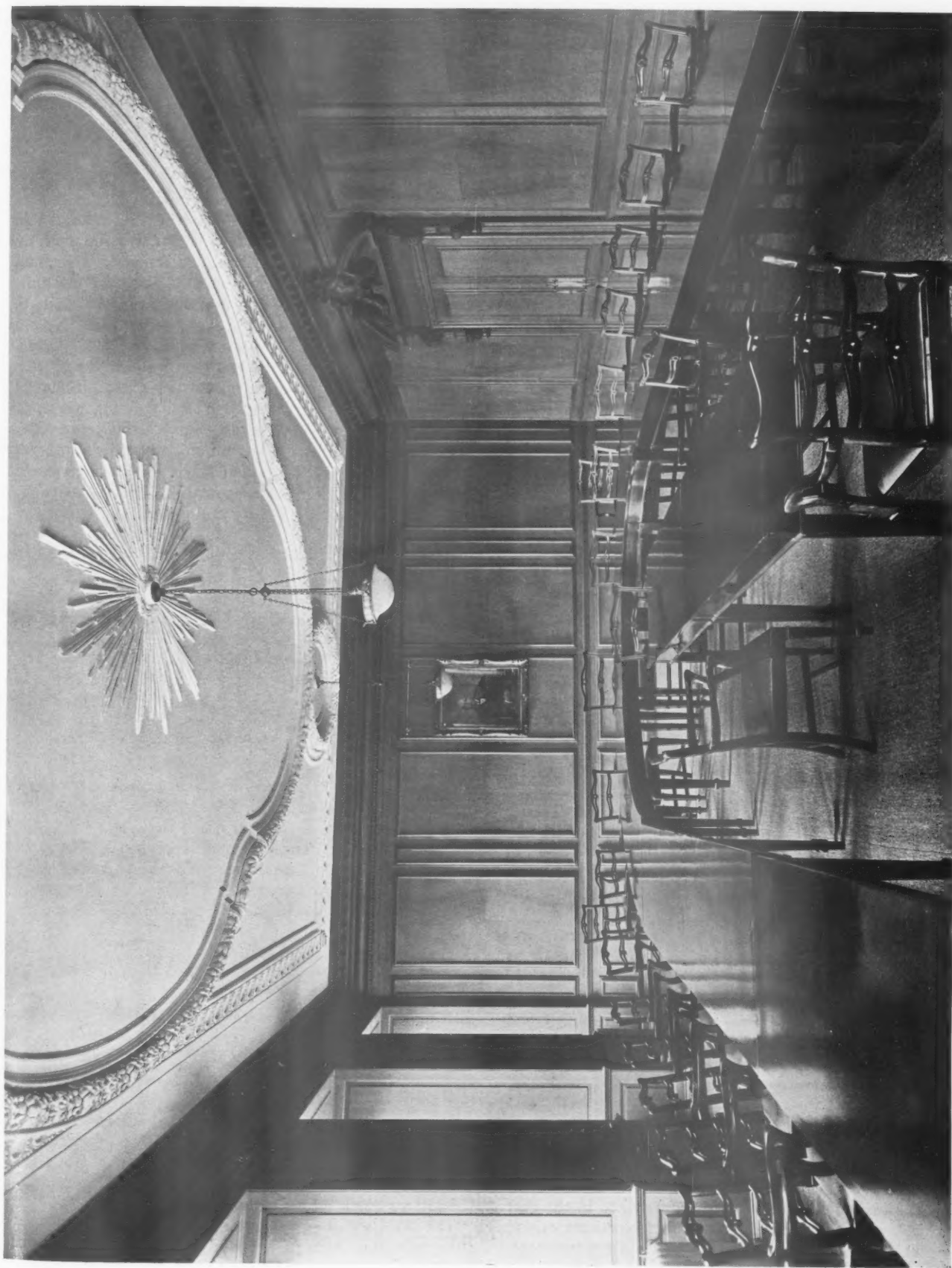
THE LIBRARY.



THE RECEPTION ROOM TO THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.



THE COUNCIL ROOM DOORWAY.



THE COUNCIL ROOM.

Waterloo Bridge.

Waterloo Bridge is in danger. The report of the L.C.C. Committee, advocating its destruction, has been shelved for the moment. But there is some danger that the question may be made a party-cry at the elections this month. All who really care for London (and the L.C.C. has a record here to be proud of) will agree that we must not lose Waterloo Bridge if there is any way of saving it. (Ed. A.R.)

THE fate of Waterloo Bridge is in the balance, and Waterloo Bridge is one of London's most important landmarks. I am not sure, indeed, if it could not be shown to be the most distinctive monument London possesses. I cannot call to mind in any place I am acquainted with, so splendid a modern bridge as that which has so inadequate an approach from the Strand and so squalid a one from the south bank. And it is, perhaps, these inadequate and squalid approaches which are responsible for the fact that so few people seem to realize the essential beauty and significance of Waterloo Bridge.

Here in London we have a full and flowing river of great breadth, and worthy, if ever a river was, of fine bridges. What have we done with it? We have thrown across its swirling flood two iron atrocities which effectually conceal that splendid vista from Westminster to the Tower which is unrivalled in historic import; elsewhere we have desecrated it with stupid suspension bridges or that utilitarian structure, more fitted for New York than London, and so forth. There are, indeed, only two of our bridges which in breadth, at least, are adequate, both iron structures, and but one that in itself possesses, if not sufficient width for these days of increased traffic, at least a dignity and beauty of line that differentiates it from all the others in Europe, perhaps in the world; and this bridge it is proposed to demolish!

Vandalism in idea is but a step to vandalism in deed; and if ever a suggestion partook of this quality, this is one. Widen the bridge by all means, for it requires widening; strengthen it, for it wants strength, not only to withstand the onslaught of increased weight in traffic, but also the added force of water brought about by the construction of the Embankment and the consequent narrowing of the river since it was built; but to destroy it would be to add to the ridiculous blunders which have been perpetrated in the past and which resulted in the destruction of Northumberland House, which sent Crosby Hall into an alien environment, which banished Temple Bar to a bucolic existence. I have said that the beauty of Waterloo Bridge is not realized. How can it be when it is only properly to be seen from one side of the river? When we really make



JOHN RENNIE.

up our minds to develop the south bank of the Thames, at any rate between Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, we should, incidentally, have an opportunity of realizing to the full the masculine grace of Rennie's conception, and should be, perhaps, able to appreciate the exquisite lines of the finest bridge in Europe; its far-flung, direct, and arrow-like flight across the stream of history; its significance when taken in conjunction with Somerset House; its native dignity and distinction.

Waterloo Bridge was built by a public company formed for that purpose pursuant to an Act passed in 1809. It was designed by John Rennie, the well-known engineer, who has left a manuscript account of the undertaking, now in the possession of the Institution of Civil Engineers, by whose courtesy I am enabled to cull from it certain interesting facts.

The first design for a bridge was supplied to the company by Mr. George Dodd, who had based it on that of a bridge over the Seine at Neuilly, constructed by M. Peyronnet. Mr. Jessop and Mr. Rennie were invited to report to the company on this scheme, which they did on February 20, 1809. The result of their report not being satisfactory, Mr. Dodd retired from the office of chief engineer to the company, and Rennie was nominated to fill his place, and thereupon at once began to prepare an entirely fresh design of his own. He employed, he tells us, "Mr. Francis Giles to make a fresh chart of the river and adjacent shores, and designed the new bridge accordingly, so that the arches might be set out at a mean right angle to the ebb and flow currents, and that there should be the least possible obstruction to them and to vessels navigating the river."

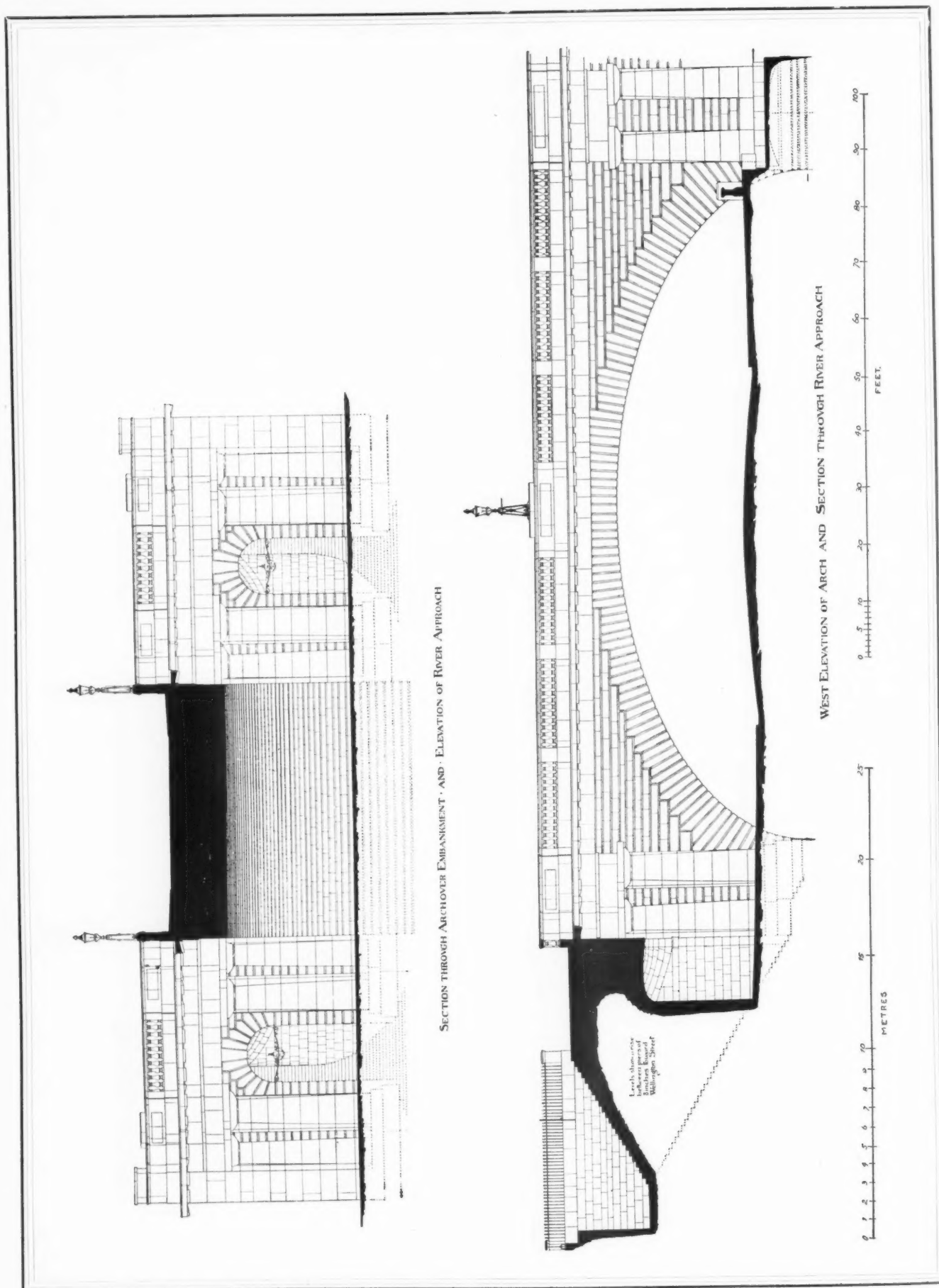
As a matter of fact Rennie prepared alternative plans: one providing for a bridge with seven arches, the other with nine; and on account of the more costly character of the former, as well as for other reasons, he recommended the latter, which was eventually adopted.

The total width of the bridge was (and is) but 45 ft. to the outside of the parapets. The arches are of white Cornish granite, the balustrades being of fine bluish-white granite from Aberdeen.

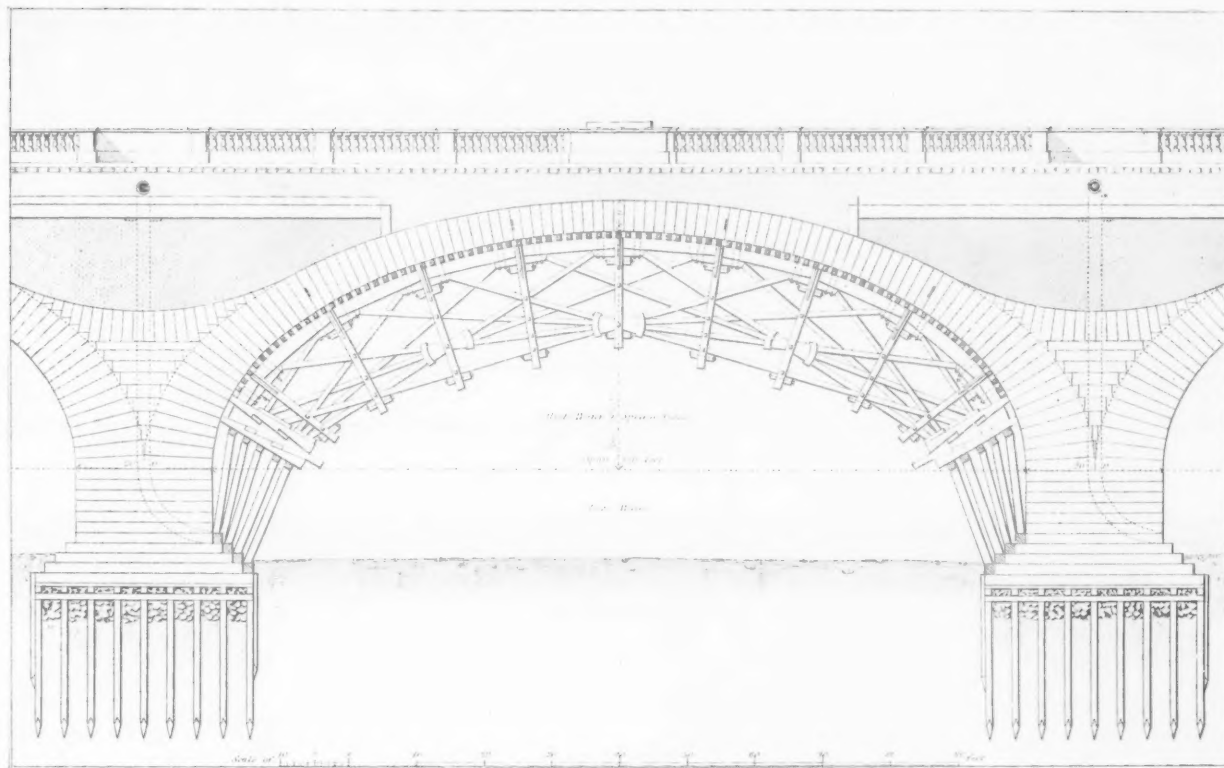
Dodd had suggested caissons, but Rennie recommended coffer dams as being better in every way. It is a curious



WATERLOO BRIDGE FROM THE SURREY SIDE.



THE ARCH OVER THE EMBANKMENT AND THE STEPS TO WELLINGTON STREET.



A SECTION THROUGH THE BRIDGE,

showing the foundations, the construction of the arches, and the centering. A drawing from Britton and Pugin's *Edifices of London*, vol. ii, 1828.

fact that coffer dams had never before been attempted in this country to such an extent on a great tidal river (hence the reason for Dodd's choosing caissons), but Rennie had had experience of them when constructing the London and East India Docks, and had no doubt as to their success.

The technical details of the work can, of course, be read in Rennie's manuscript statement of its inception and completion; but these would hardly interest the general reader. I may, however, extract one or two facts from them which are, as they say, not generally known. Thus the roadway of the bridge was constructed as Adam, in 1816, constructed his first macadamized road at Bristol, which," adds Rennie, "has since become so general." All the stone (except the balustrades which were brought ready-made from Aberdeen) was worked on the spot, in some fields on the Surrey side. "It is singular," says Rennie, "that nearly the whole of the stone for the bridge should have been drawn by one horse familiarly termed by the workmen 'Old Jack,' who was a most sensible animal, and did his duty in a most exemplary manner, being always in good trim and ready. Tom, his master, used to call at a public-house. On one occasion he remained there longer than usual. At length the horse put his head in at the door, and taking Tom by the sleeve, pulled him out of the house, to the amusement of the beholders. Tom took the hint and was never afterwards found loitering during working hours."

When the bridge was begun contractors on a large scale were almost unknown, and the work was on such an unusual scale and was attended by such difficulties and risk, besides requiring so much capital, that it was not considered possible to find a contractor ready to contract for the whole at one time. The directors of the company commenced, therefore,

by making small and various contracts for the delivery of the different materials required. After a time, however, Rennie discovered a firm who were prepared to take over the whole undertaking—Messrs. Jolliffe and Banks, who had had considerable experience in working on other contracts under him, and they were henceforth the sole contractors, Mr. James Hollingsworth being the resident engineer.

The first pile of the bridge was driven, on the Middlesex side of the river, in March 1811; and the first stone was laid on October 11 of the same year. On June 18, 1817, the bridge was opened, with great and impressive ceremony, by the Prince Regent.

It consists of nine elliptical arches, each of 120 ft. span, with a rise of 24 ft. 6 in., supported by piers 20 ft. wide at the springing of the arches. Its entire length is 2,456 ft., the actual bridge and abutments being 1,380 ft., the approach from the Strand 310 ft., and the causeway on the Surrey side, supported by land arches, 766 ft. The total cost of the structure was £565,000; the approaches, together with the purchase of land and buildings, £677,000; and what were called "contingencies," £373,000.

Let me close my short account of this memorable monument with the words of Rennie himself, with which he brings his notice of the work to an end: "In the construction of this bridge we may observe there are several novelties. First, the introduction of coffer-dams to a hitherto unknown extent. Secondly, the mode of raising and removing the centres. Thirdly, the introduction and working of granite stone to such an extent for the first time, and the generally improved kind of masonry. Fourthly, elliptical stone arches of such a large size."

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

A Sussex Estate.

The Clock House, West Grinstead.

Designed by Barry Parker.



ON THE TERRACE.

THE Clock House Estate at West Grinstead embodies a country house and practically all the subsidiary buildings generally associated with a country residence: there is the house itself, the model farm buildings, the water tower, a pumping-station, large hunting stables and garages, the coachman's house, the head gardener's house, the chauffeur's house, and the head cowman's house.

The house and its subordinate buildings follow closely to the traditional Sussex methods of carrying out details in building construction.

My first knowledge of the Clock House was derived from my client's first letter, in which he said: "I have purchased a Victorian farmhouse, which I wish to be converted into a hunting-box. It is quite an ugly and uninteresting brick building, but I think you will make something of it." When I went to see this farmhouse, I found it was not a brick building, but a timber-framed building, tile hung with an ingenious tile which I have only found in Sussex and Dorsetshire, and which gives a building hung with it an appearance so closely resembling that of a brick building as to deceive. I found the Clock House to be a splendid timber structure, some of it dating back to the sixteenth century, but the greater portion more modern. On discovering this my client and I carefully considered removing it bodily somewhat farther from the road, but ultimately we decided on a site for it several fields away. So we took it down, and I planned a new Clock House in such a way that we could use again intact every frame which constituted a wall in the old Clock House without altering it, and we re-erected all the frames which constituted the oldest wing of the old Clock House as the kitchen wing of the new Clock House.

We found in the neighbourhood a splendid old timber-

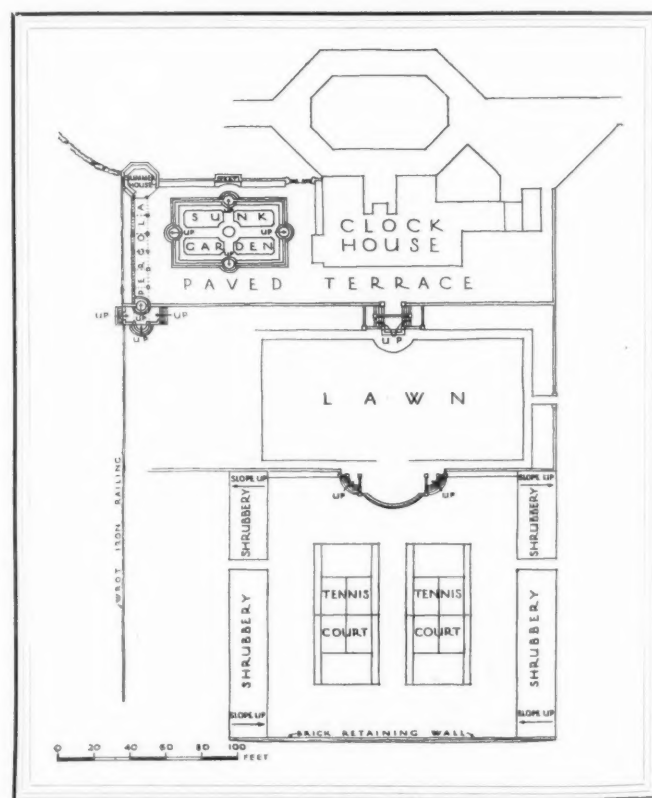
framed barn, cut this barn in half, and out of each half made one of the two north wings of the new Clock House. These wings now form the east and west sides of a court, on the south side of which the main building stands.

We numbered every stone in the fine old chimney-stack of the old Clock House, laying each stone on the ground in the position it had occupied in the stack, and re-erected the stack. When laying out the garden we found on the site large quantities of "rippled stone," and with this stone paved the terrace.

The old Clock House was, of course, framed up with massive oak and elm timbers, and in the new Clock House not only did we use again intact every frame which had constituted a wall in the old Clock House, but we used again all the old massive oak and elm floor joists and all the wide oak boarding with which the old Clock House had been floored.

We finished off the new house by re-erecting on its ridge the eighteenth-century clock turret with which the old Clock House had been finished off.

BARRY PARKER.



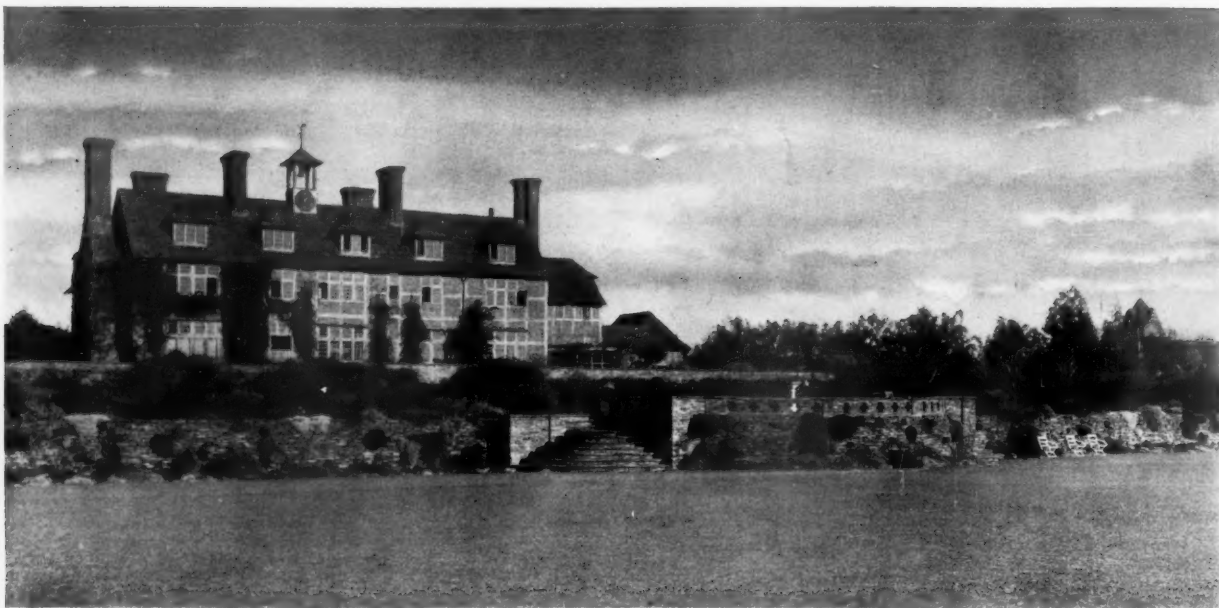
A LAY-OUT OF THE HOUSE AND GARDEN.



THE FRONT OF THE CLOCK HOUSE.



GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR PLANS.



FROM THE GARDEN.

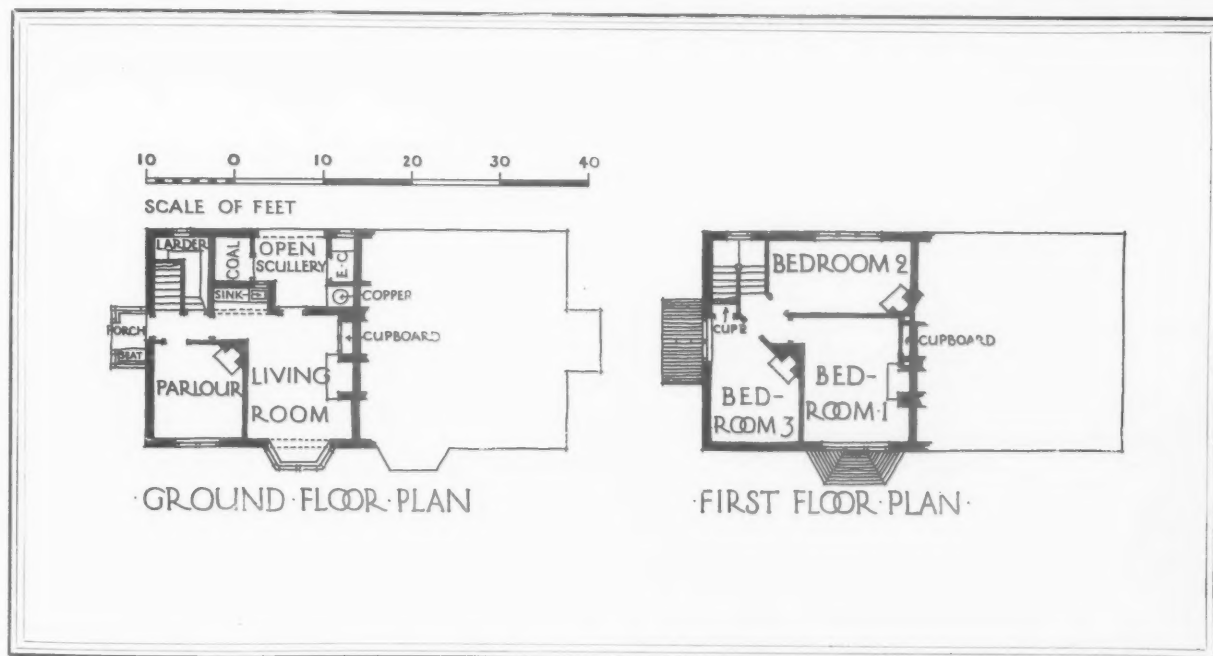
This house was taken down from its original position and built afresh on a new site.



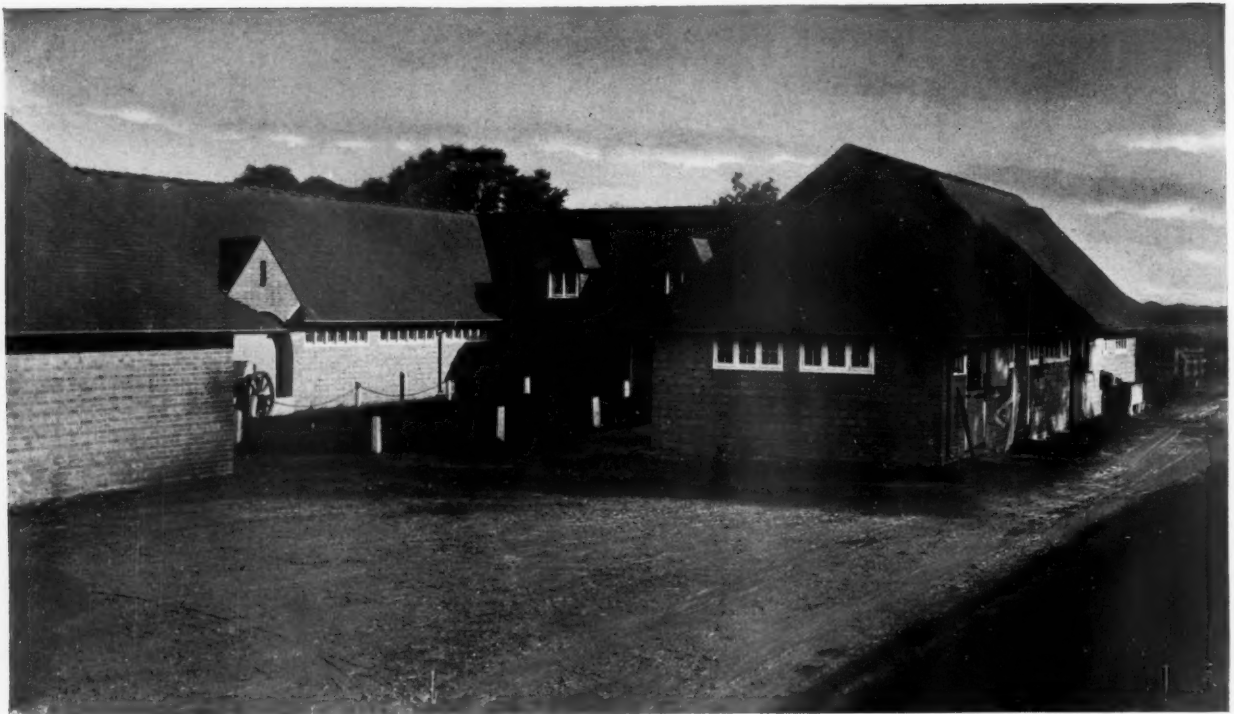
THE SOUTH FRONT.



THE HEAD GARDENER'S AND CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGES.



PLANS OF THE GARDENER'S AND CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGES.



FARM BUILDINGS ON THE ESTATE.



THE STABLES, WITH THE WATER TOWER BEHIND.



THE DAIRY.



IN THE COW-HOUSE.

Vaux-le-Vicomte

With photographs by CHARLES MASSIN, 51 Rue des Ecoles, Paris.

THERE hangs in one of the great gilded rooms of the Château of Vaux the portrait of a young man with a well-shaped intelligent head. The face is undeniably handsome, the mouth sensitive, and the eyes bold and challenging; the figure is richly, if sombrely, dressed. This young man was Nicolas Fouquet. He was born in an age when it was possible for anyone with a sufficient mixture of daring, intelligence, good looks, and lack of scruples to rise and shoot upwards, blazing like a meteor, to attain any heights, and like a meteor, when at the very summit of its path to fall crashing to earth.

Fouquet was just such a character, he was gifted with just such attributes, and his career can truly be termed meteoric. Born in Paris in 1615 of a good legal family, he had, by the time he was thirty-five, ingratiated himself so skilfully with Mazarin, whose cause he had always championed, that he succeeded in persuading the latter to authorize him to buy the post of *procureur-general* to the Parliament of Paris. Three years later, when Louis XIV was thirteen, he became *surintendant des finances*. He held this high office until his fall just after the death of Mazarin in 1661.

However improperly he may have managed the "finances" of the boy king, he certainly made no mistakes with those of Nicolas Fouquet. His rapid advance made him ambitious of succeeding Mazarin as first minister to the Crown, and in order to secure himself friends and a party he lavished money in all directions.

It is on record that the great Colbert, in his wisdom, once remarked to Louis XIV, "Posterity takes the measure of princes according to the dimensions of the splendid houses they erect during their lifetime." And for the sake of his own fame every grand seigneur of France thought the same. Fouquet was certainly of this opinion for, as a matter of fact, he had already acted on it some years before Colbert uttered his sage observation.

Sometime about 1656-57 he had bought the Vicomté of Melun and Vaux. There was already a seigneurial château standing on the estate; but this, not meeting with Fouquet's ideas of his own splendour, he had pulled down. His next step was to call in Le Veau to build him his new house, and Le Nôtre his new gardens, both of which were to form a truly worthy and enduring monument to his genius. The result was Vaux-le-Vicomte as we see it to-day. Louis le Veau (who was Fouquet's senior by two years) was certainly considered one of the first architects of his time. Besides building Vaux, his masterpiece, he also has standing to his credit, the interior court of the Louvre, the two noble hôtels Lambert and de Thorigny in Paris, as well as the



THE ENTRANCE GATE.

present Institut which, at the time he was commissioned to make the designs, was to be Mazarin's College of the Four Nations.

André le Nôtre, when Fouquet entrusted him with the gardens of his château, was in charge of the Tuileries, where he had succeeded his father, but up to that time had not made any particular reputation for himself.

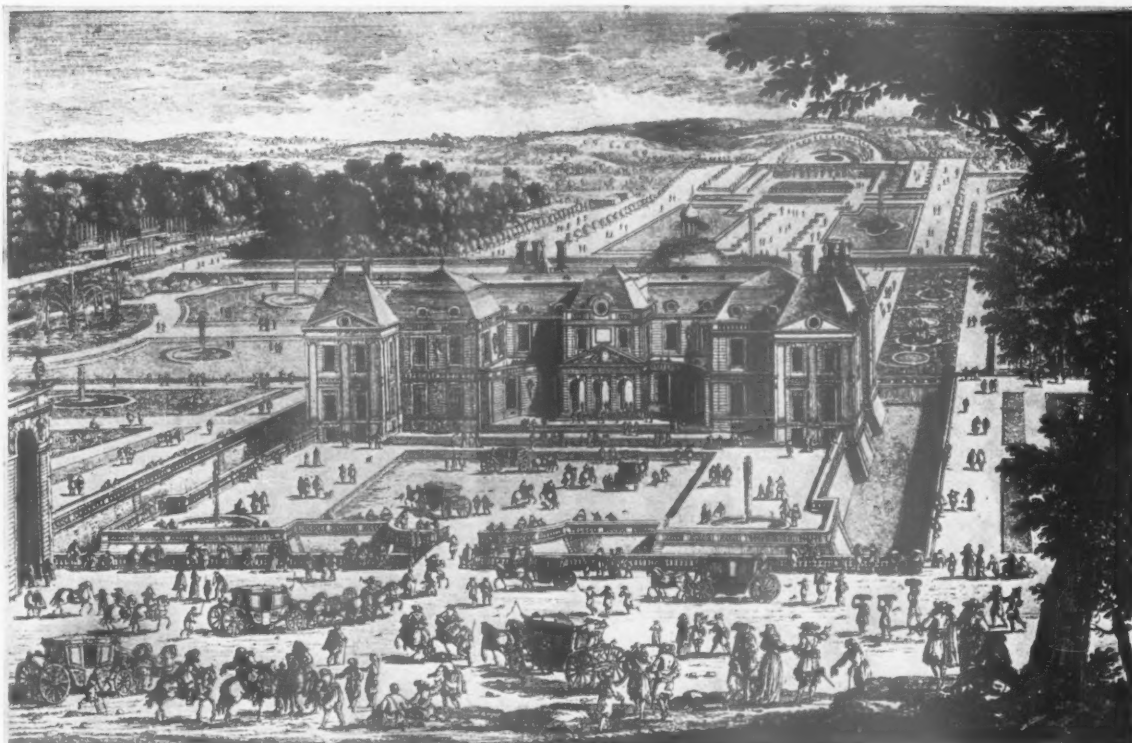
Fouquet then had the inspiration to add yet a third great name to his collection of artists, that of Le Brun, the greatest all-round decorator and master-craftsman of his day.

Now to grasp precisely what Fouquet with the aid of these three men had achieved, one must remember that at this date Louis XIV had done nothing whatever

to that little "house of cards," as Saint Simon called it, his father's château of Versailles. In fact, the great classic age of French art, which we call, and very rightly, by his name, had not yet begun. What makes Vaux-le-Vicomte of such outstanding interest to the architect is that it was the *immediate precursor* of Louis XIV's Versailles. It thus forms the connecting link between the earlier French Renaissance châteaux of Henry IV and Louis XIII and the far more Romanized style that was to follow.

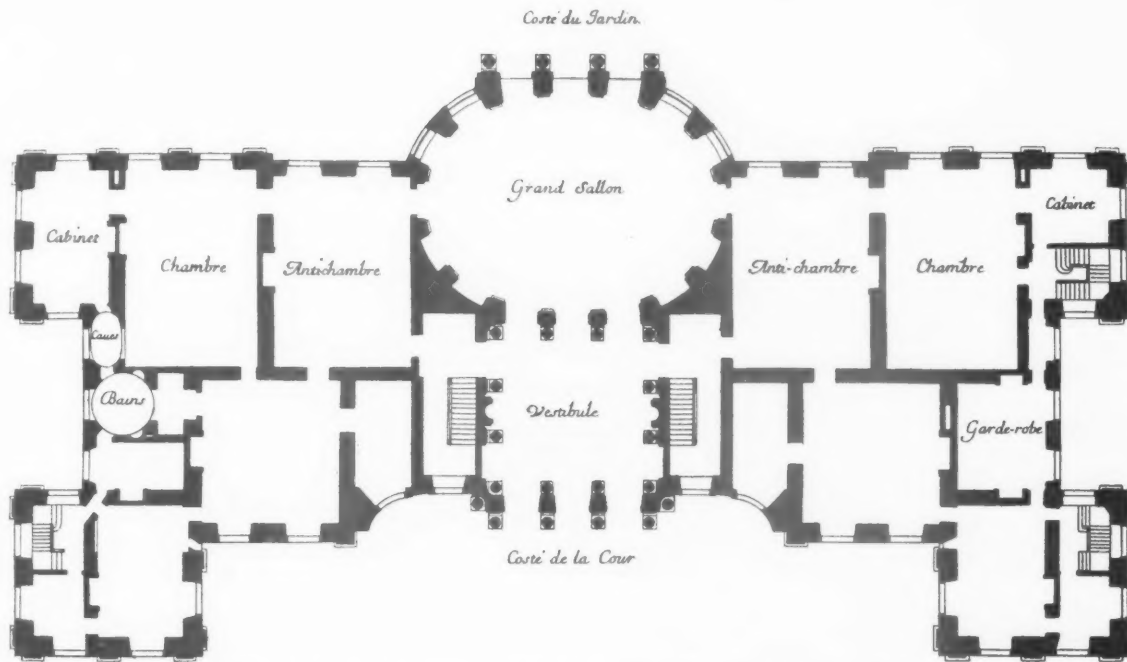
We still see in Vaux the high slated roofs, but the elaborate dormer windows, the constant cutting up of flat surfaces, the decorative use of coloured marbles, all these are gone. We have in their place a tremendous stone building relying much more on its masses, and very dignified in consequence. There is here nothing left of the light and airy touch of Louis XIII's Cour du Marbre at Versailles, for example. A vast and imposing moat surrounds the château on all four of its sides. This was probably the last of its kind to be built, for although they are frequently to be found on the entrance front, it is very unusual after this date to see them carried round to the garden side.

The entrance to the château is imposing to an extreme. The road through the park runs parallel with the house and is separated from the first of two forecourts by a screen wall, made up of eight gigantic terminal figures, between each of which is a delightfully simple grille of wrought iron. This screen connects two enormous and absolutely symmetrical red-brick buildings, heavily dressed with stone, which lie to the right and left and in advance of the château itself. These are the stables and the outbuildings generally. One side alone looks as if it could comfortably hold a brigade of cavalry. That two such buildings should have been considered necessary to uphold Fouquet's dignity seems incredible. One can only suppose that one building served his own uses, and that the other was built for the sake of symmetry and his friends' convenience when they came to



*Vue du Château de Vaux-le-Vicomte du côté de l'Entrée.
A Paris chez M. Lancelotti Rue Vaugouin à la Vitruve
d'après l'original. Fait par Perelle.*

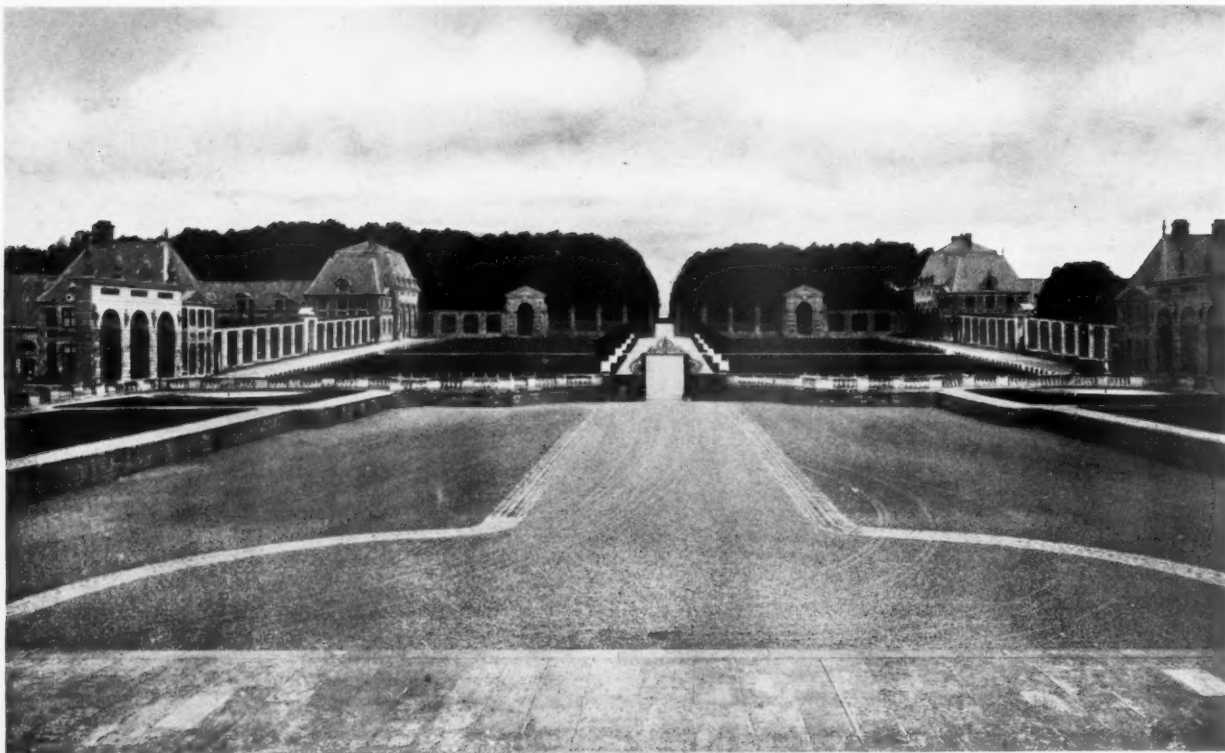
VAUX-LE-VICOMTE IN THE TIME OF FOUQUET.



Plan de Vaux le vicomte conduit par le S^r le Veau Architecte du Roy.

J. Marot fecit

A PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL FLOOR OF THE CHÂTEAU.



THE ENTRANCE.

On either side lie the stables, and in the distance can be seen the screen which is illustrated in detail on the opposite page.



THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

A photograph taken from the opposite point of view to that in the upper illustration, where the iron gate can be seen in the middle distance.

visit. This theory is not altogether fantastic when one reads of the house-warming party he gave in 1661, one month before his arrest, when he sent out six thousand invitations. A central road leads straight up between these two buildings and passing over the moat by means of a narrow bridge, guarded by another beautiful iron gate bristling with a chevaux-de-frise, lands one into the inner court, from which entry into the château is finally made by means of an immensely-broad flight of stone steps. The walls of the moat are built of massive blocks of masonry crowned with a heavily-balustraded parapet.

The whole conception of the lay-out and entrance in its scale of magnificence, the simplicity of its lines, the handling of huge spaces of gravel, grass, pavé, and water, leaves one gasping with admiration at the daring of the extraordinary individual who inspired it.

The château itself is absolutely symmetrical. It is planned round a vast, oval-shaped inner hall, which has a high-domed ceiling. The existence of this hall is fearlessly expressed on the garden side, since the dome is made the central feature of the elevation with the roofs of the main block abutting it at a lower level on either side. The centre of this elevation is marked with a pedimented projection. Seen from some way down the great central axis of the garden it appears rather too insignificant with relation to the huge mass of the house, especially as a wide and important flight of stairs leads up to it. Conscious that it is so very clearly intended to act as a focal point one cannot help a slight feeling of disappointment, a sense that something has gone amiss.



THE CHÂTEAU AND MOAT FROM THE SIDE.

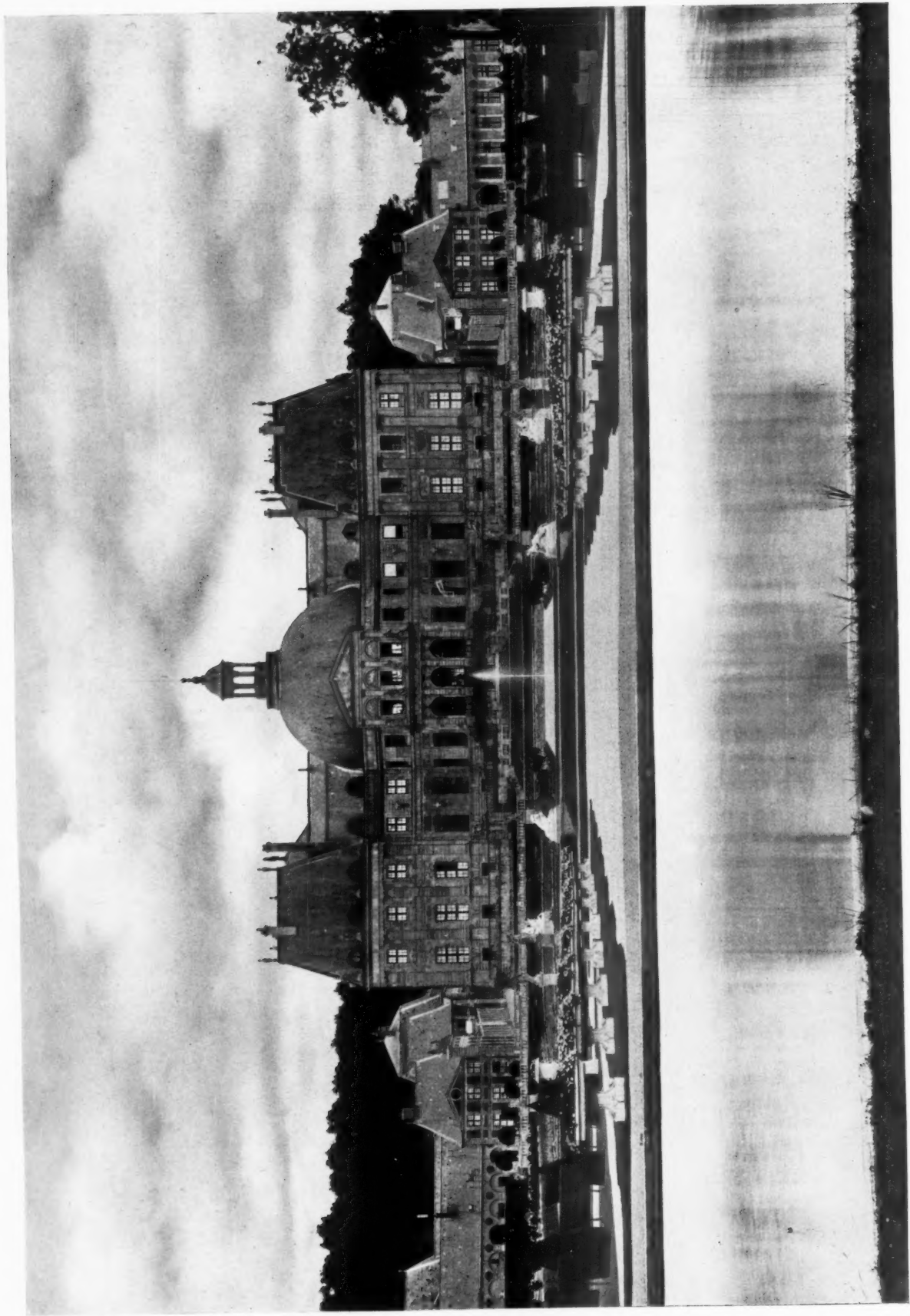
The side elevations are beautiful. Admirably proportioned they are most skilfully united with the front and back of the château.

By means of a slight break forward at each end of the garden front, the last three window units are enabled to be treated as pavilions, their external arrangement of flat Ionic pilaster, topped above the cornice with a long and shapely urn, being very reminiscent of those of the Institut in Paris. The sides of these pavilions are built direct on to the walls of the moat, which is not returned immediately round the principal fronts but brought forward a considerable



A DETAIL OF THE SCREEN.

The screen divides the forecourt from the road. Its position is shown in the upper photograph on the opposite page.

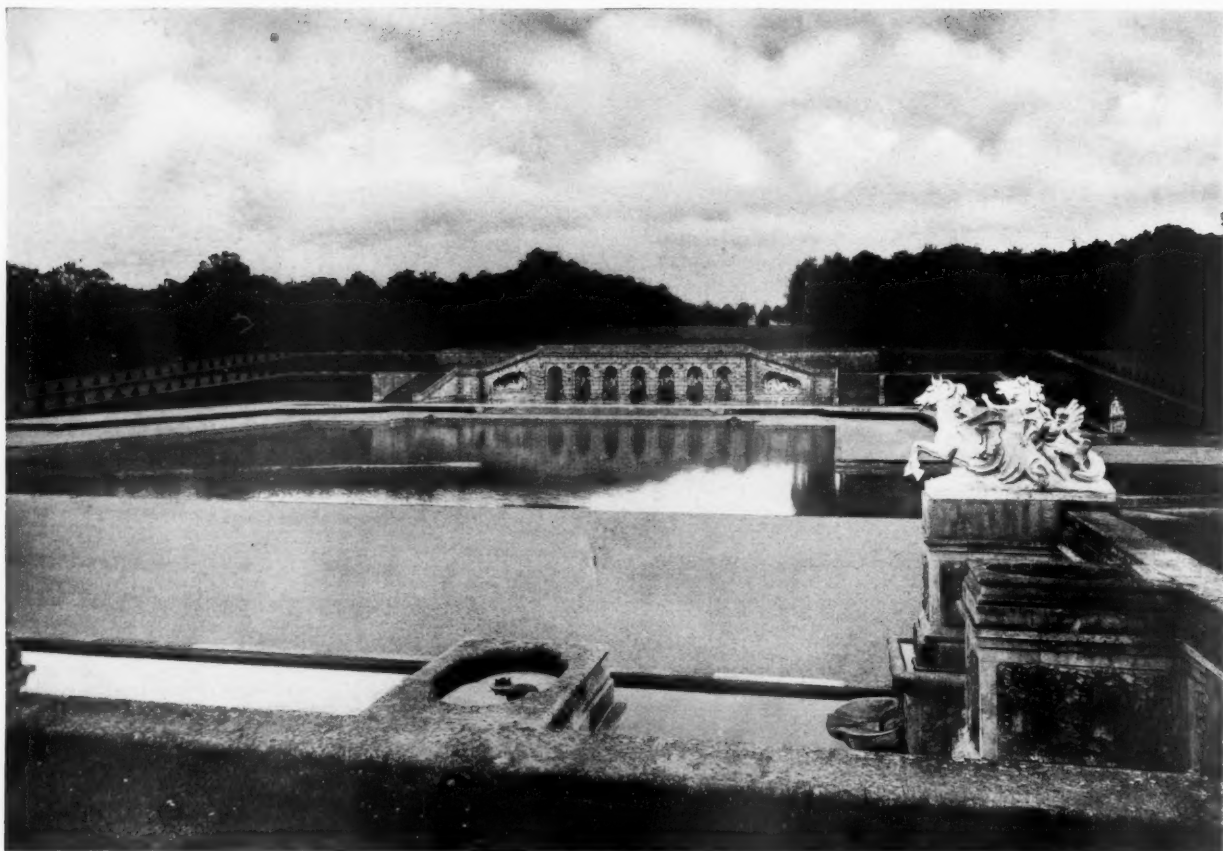


THE GARDEN FRONT.

In this photograph all the perspectives are enormously foreshortened. The buildings on either side of the Chateau are the stables depicted in the upper photograph on p. 114.



THE GENIUS OF LE NÔTRE.
A view of the Gardens from the steps of the Château.



THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN AND LAKE AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

distance back and front and then returned. This allows the château a wide forecourt in front and a spacious terrace on the back or garden side. The side elevations in their turn are made quite symmetrical by the use of the deep recesses seen in the plan. The pavilions appear to rise sheer out of the water, the recess between the two being used as a small terrace overlooking the moat. The effect is superb, as the château seems to grow out of the moat, instead of being merely surrounded by it. As the design traverses round these sides and links up with the front of the castle, the corner pavilions leave off being like their fellows on the garden side; they are not as wide by one window unit and the depth of their returns to the main wall face is much greater. This time, too, they are fronted with a low-pitched pediment, and make the most satisfactory stops to the front elevation.

By reason of the extreme width of the moat, which acts as a barrier on each side, it is very difficult to get more than a "square on" view of the front of the château, thus it is ensured of being seen from its very best point of vantage. The mistake made on the garden side is not repeated here, for the centre of the design is most successfully marked by the sumptuous entrance porch and clock pavilion, which rises much more markedly above the adjoining buildings than does its fellow on the garden front. Moreover, it is not crushed by a vast dome but delightfully finished with a graceful roof, behind which can be seen the cupola of the dome.

The whole arrangement, in fact, is about as skilful a handling of masses as can well be imagined.

Just as the forecourt is connected with the drive by means of a bridge spanning the moat, so is the terrace on the garden side connected to the garden proper by another bridge, but this time a very much more important affair, which ends in a broad flight of steps leading on to the first great terrace of the garden without the moat.

This garden, of which the photographs give but a very false idea of its vast scale, may be likened to an *esquisse* by Le Nôtre for his culminating work at Versailles. His genius for perspective had its first chance to be shown here, and magnificently did he uphold the trust Fouquet had put in him.

Standing with one's back to the château the eye has an unbroken vista of cultivated garden reaching for about a mile, until it stops on a colossal gilded figure of Hercules, which is seen standing on the summit of a hill against a background of trees. The illusion is given that this vast garden has been cut out of dense woods, the trees of which are kept in their place and prevented from encroaching by a carefully cut *c'armille* or hedge of espaliered birch-trees. It will be remembered that Le Nôtre has achieved exactly this same illusion, only on a far vaster scale, at Versailles. On a closer inspection of these surrounding woods one instantly realizes that all the trees are planted in avenues and frequently enclose *bosquets*; and that they are all kept perfectly to scale. In fact, the woods are not woods at all but merely picture frames and as much man-made as the garden itself.

DARCY BRADDELL.

(To be continued.)

Original Drawings by Robert Adam.

(Hitherto unpublished.)



Plate II.

IX.—CLASSICAL COMPOSITION—1782.

Other drawings of this series appeared in the earlier issues of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for 1925, the January number containing an article by Arthur T. Bolton, on "The Classical and Romantic Compositions of Robert Adam," to which the reader should turn for information.

March 1925.

Architectural
Library

Original Drawings by Robert Adam.

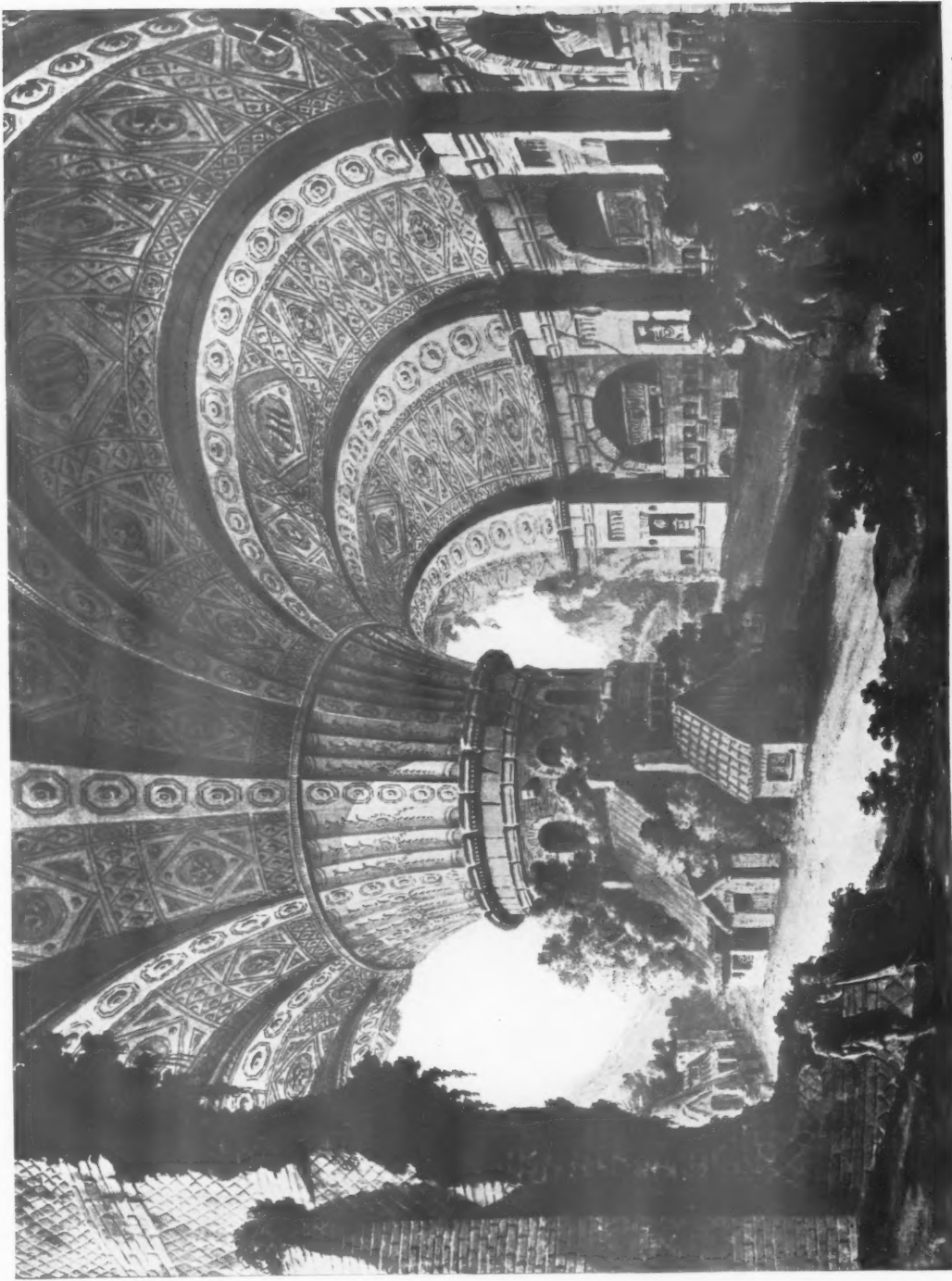


Plate III.

X.—CLASSICAL COMPOSITION—1782.

March 1925.

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Original Drawings by Robert Adam.

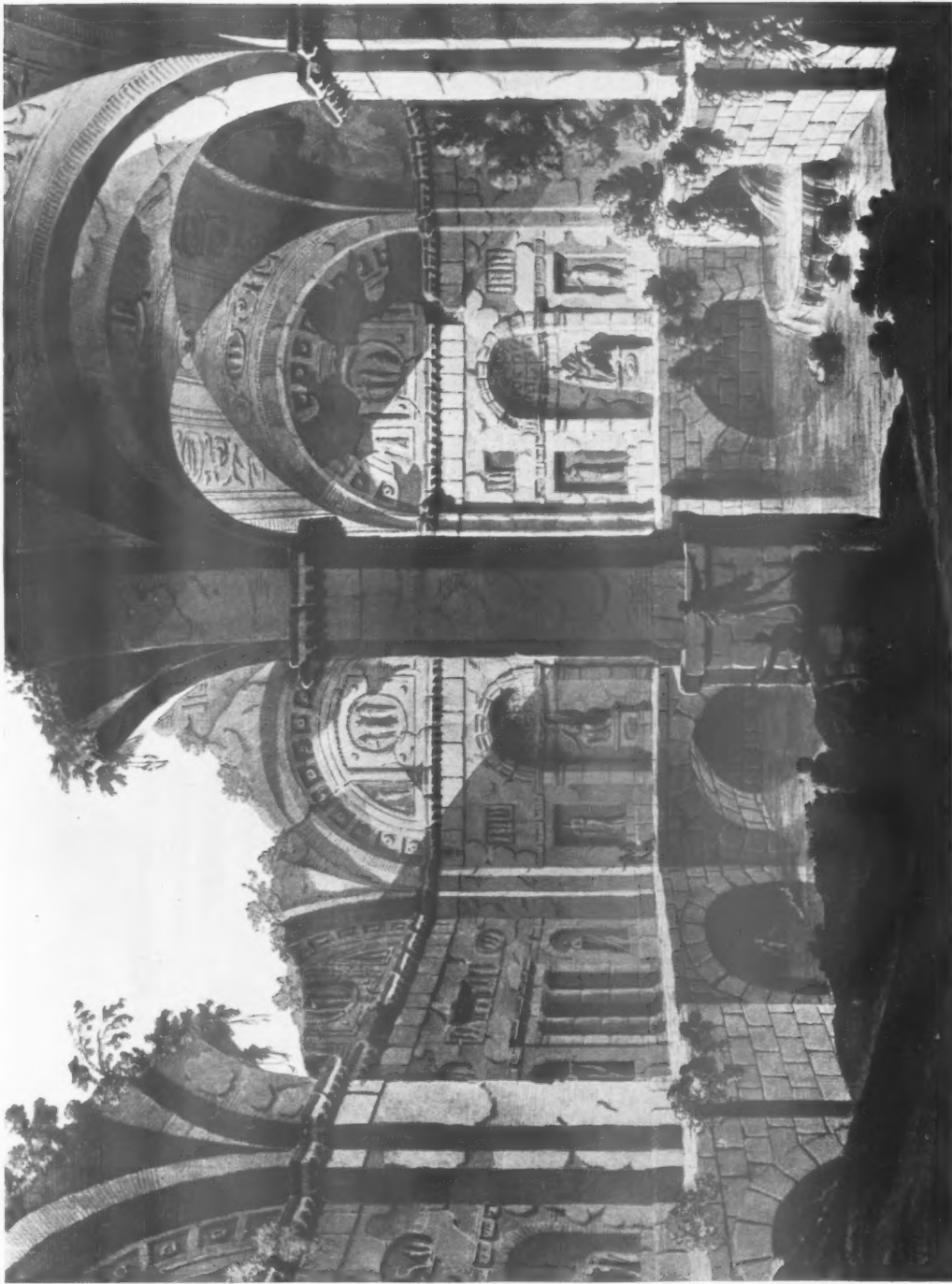


Plate IV.

XI.—CLASSICAL COMPOSITION—1782.

March 1925.

Architectural
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Original Drawings by Robert Adam.

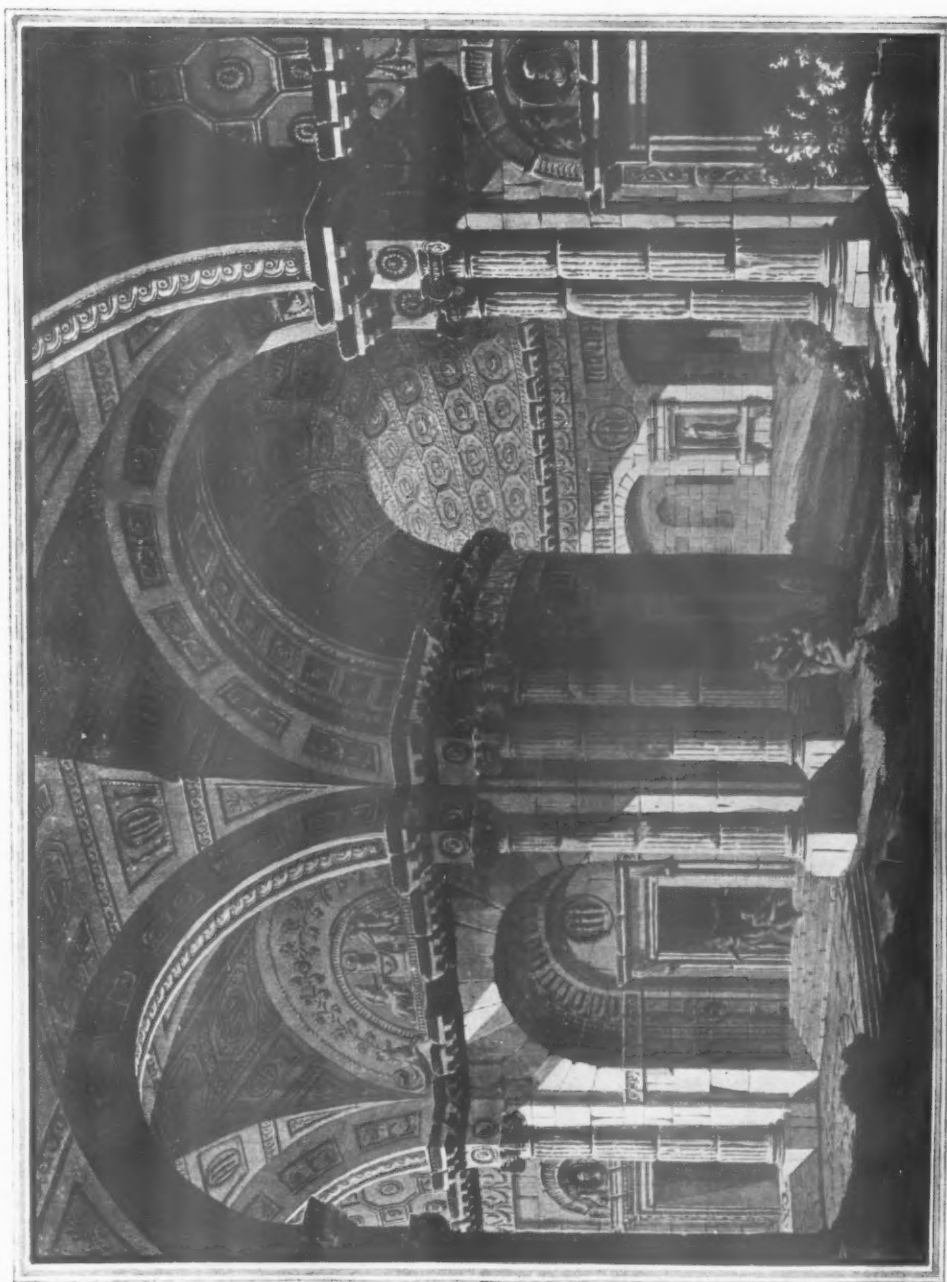


Plate V.

XII.—CLASSICAL COMPOSITION—1782.

March 1925.

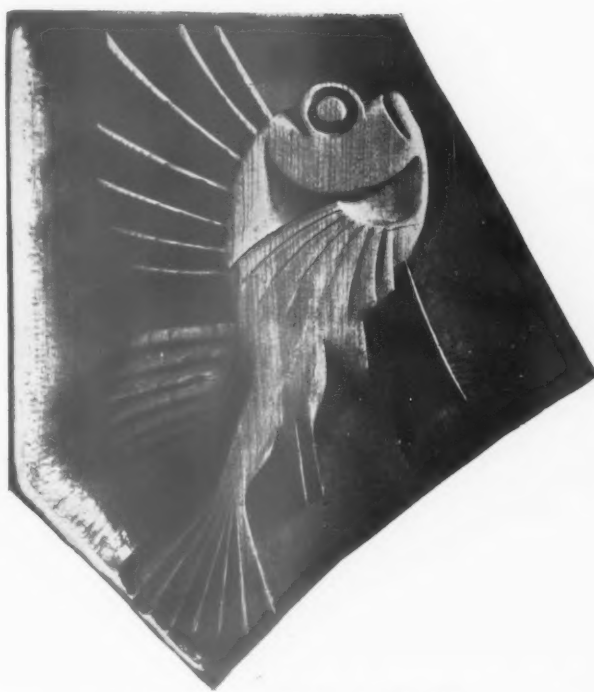
Architectural
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Shrewd Sculpture.

The Work of Chana Orloff.



1.—A SPANDRIL-PIECE IN WOOD.



2.—A SPANDRIL-PIECE IN WOOD.

MUSEUM fatigue! Royal Academy prostration! How well we know them, and how often is it to the sculpture galleries that we owe the final *coup de grâce*, the utter weariness of the confessedly whacked! They seem always to be the same, year after year, those defiant Tommies, the placid female nudes, these babies' heads like stone soap bubbles. The convention has been established; custom hallows the solemn and the sentimental. The plaster is cast; and later, perhaps, a pleasant block of marble is spoilt.

Possibly, after all, real humanity is out of place in sculpture. It is all very well for Daumier, and Poulbot, and Raemakers to combine in a cartoon the droll and the pathetic. But in stone, marble, wood—no! At least not in England, where the humour of statuary has belonged hitherto almost exclusively to the unconscious order. Remember the copious nude female who grips the stone steering wheel of an imagined vessel, symbol of our sea power; and the sickly lions who grin feebly at the foot of steps or from the tops of porticos.

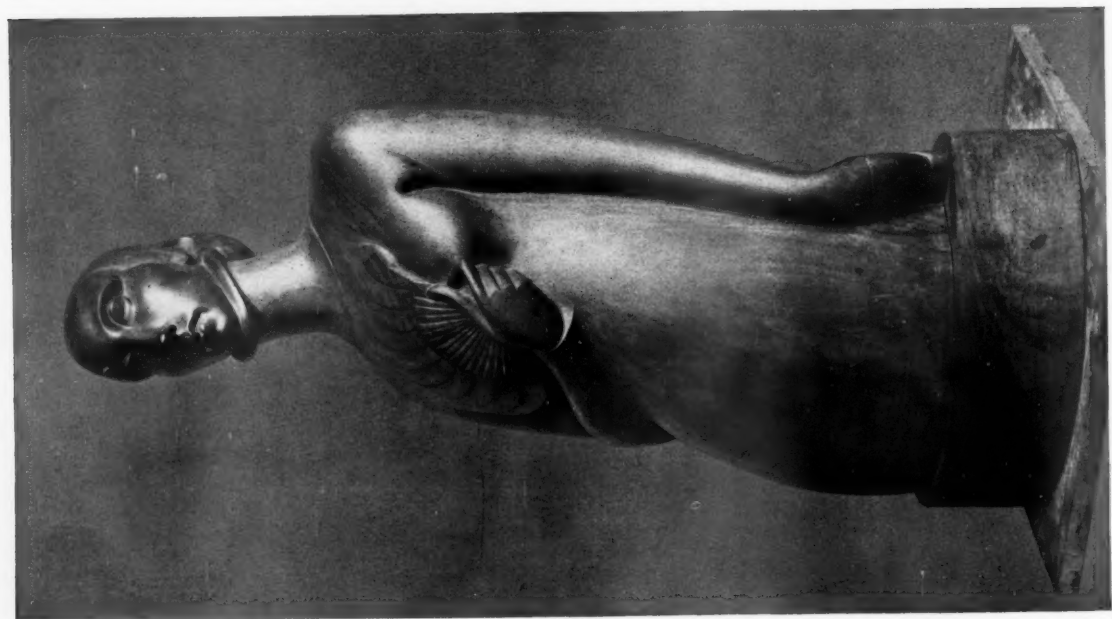
In France, evidently, they do not fear to mingle emotion with a smile. And a sculptor is permitted to play upon a multitude of strings, and yet find a market for his work. From delicate loveliness, via a childlike whimsicality, to good-humoured truth, is a journey on which the artist can linger at many a pleasant wayside halt. And so we find, in places where art is independent, the expression in modelling of all the shades and moods which make sculpture an art to live with, an adornment not of the museum but of the home.

L 2

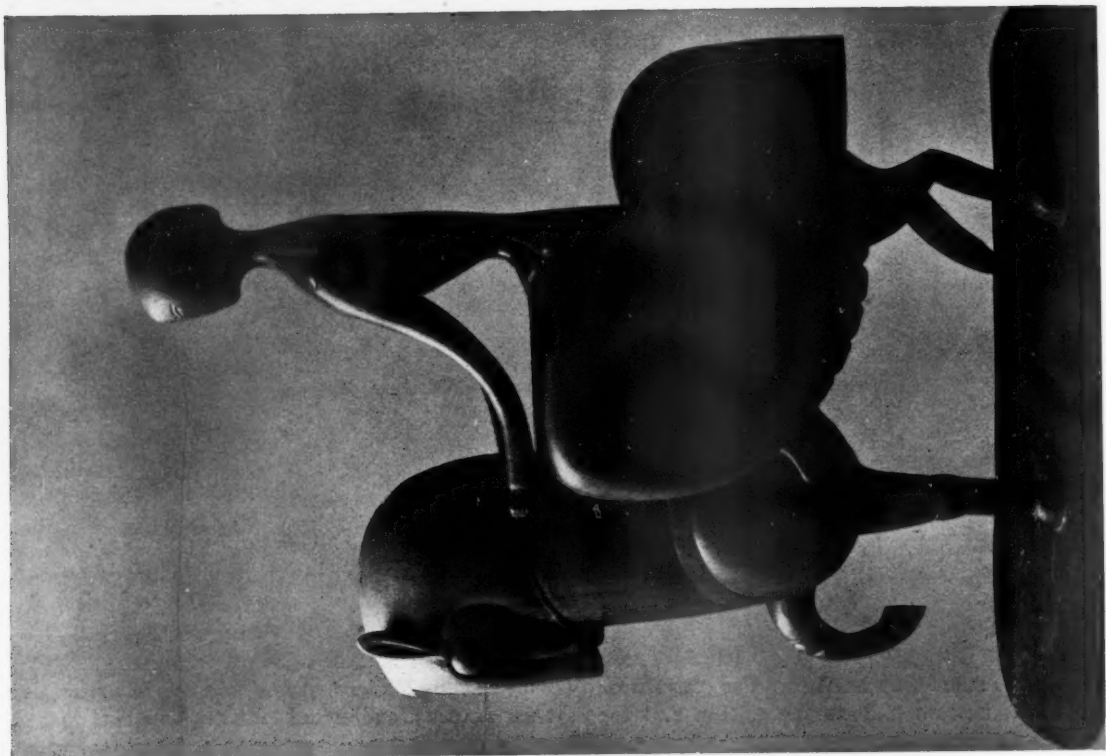
Of such expressions the work, here illustrated, of Chana Orloff, is typical. We give the reader a guess as to whether it is the work of man or woman; six out of ten will probably guess right, less from judgment of her art than by deductions from her subject choice. Orloff shows a robustness of thought, a power of elimination, restraint, concentration, which suggests male genius working in materials which, by their nature alone, entail indefatigable tension and muscular precision. But sculptors, men and women, compete in the same field; and in the attribution of merit the sex of the artist has no place.

Orloff, at any rate, has found no need for softening of judgment or patronizing kindness on the part of her critics. In the promiscuous *mêlée* of the Paris salons her work has triumphed through its quality alone, and her portraits, revealing personal character with a shrewdness which is never malignant or even unkind, have won her a reputation as one of the rare artists who can coax the likeness of her subject from marble and cement and wood.

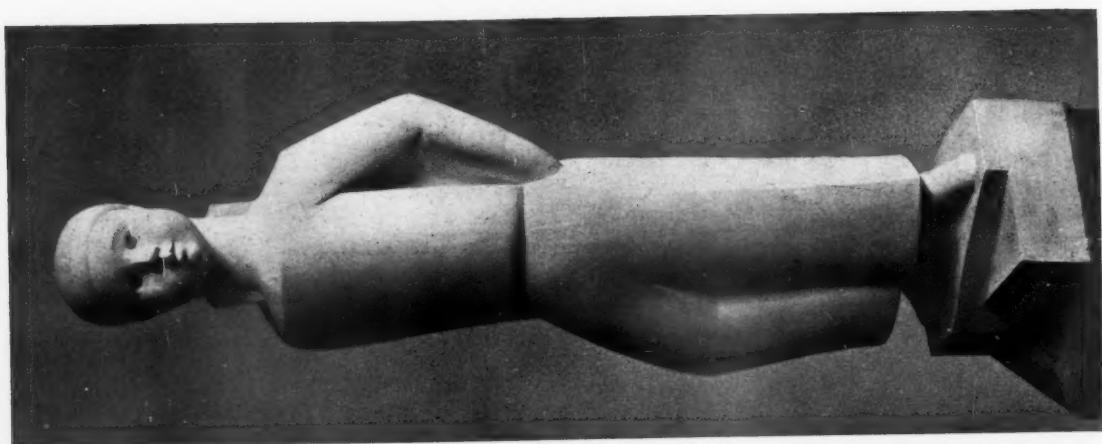
Distinctly architectural, "stereotomic," are the bold and sure effects, first of massing and proportion, and then of treatment of planes and solids, sphere and cube and cylinder. One feels the presence of simplification as a natural result of study, not as a primary aim in itself. The expression, the character, the subjective appeal, strike the beholder first. It is only afterwards that one notices and applauds the economy of means. Although the subjects and the character of treatment are so varied, Orloff's work bears the marks of a personality; the origin is in all cases undeniably the same. The variety comes from the subject which, in each case,



3.—PORTRAIT BUST IN WOOD OF MADAME PITœFF.



4.—EQUESTRIAN FIGURE IN WOOD.



5.—PLASTER FIGURE OF A CHILD.



6.—A PORTRAIT IN CEMENT OF M. REY.



7.—A DOUBLE PORTRAIT IN CEMENT.

receives the compliment of profound study and close analysis of character. Sometimes a homely familiarity is the keynote, an intimacy in which nothing remains concealed to the spectator of the sitter's character. Such is the case with the double bust of Mariano Andreu and his spouse (Fig. 7). The composition in itself is daring; who can say that the result is not convincing?

Of stately delicacy, with a suggestion of caress, is on the other hand the bust of Madame Pitoeff (Fig. 3). It is a brilliant mixture of character and style, lit with subtle observation, brilliant in effect, yet sober and coherent in its plastic lines.

Utterly unorthodox is the head in cement of M. Rey, insistent in its strength (Fig. 6), and charming, whimsical, instinct with grace is the little wooden equestrian figure (Fig. 4); while the wooden spandrils (Figs. 1 and 2), designed for an architect's setting, reveal their function without the aid of legend.

Chana Orloff owes little to any particular teacher. Studying for a short period at the *École des Arts Décoratifs* in

Paris and at the same time in a Russian "*Académie libre*," she seems to have absorbed more from her favourite Egyptian and Gothic models than from any academic teaching. She commenced to exhibit in public in 1913, and has since then confirmed her reputation in the exhibitions of the *Salon d'Automne*, the *Indépendants*, and the *Salon des Tuileries* in Paris, and also in Brussels and New York: she is now one of the favoured minority who are represented in the French Government's collection in the Luxembourg.

May it be suggested, without fatuity, that it is time that sculpture such as Orloff's commenced gradually to replace our *Cupids and Psyches*. That the day of these smooth, white horrors is nearly past is proved in many an auction room, where a callous second-hand market appraises their value at shillings per hundredweight; first and foremost, however, we might try to overcome in England that great stumbling block for which architects are not without responsibility, the reluctance of our modern world to encourage a modern art.

HOWARD ROBERTSON.



Selected Examples of Architecture.

IN CONTINUATION OF
"THE PRACTICAL EXEMPLAR OF ARCHITECTURE."

The Judge's Lodging, No. 16 St. Giles, Oxford.

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY W. R. BRINTON AND C. GREEN.

This Series of Drawings has been awarded the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW PRIZE at the Architectural Association for the best Measured Drawing in 1924.



THE Judge's Lodging was built in 1702 by the builder, Thomas Rowney—so much is given in an inscription on the leads of the house. It is a simple stone building of very beautiful proportions, with an entrance from St. Giles through two tall gate piers, surmounted by urns. The front door has lost its hood, but there is a fine hood over the back door which is shown in the drawings. The interior is panelled, and contains a rich staircase.

Photographs and an article by Miss Jourdain on this

house were published in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW of April, 1914. In the article Miss Jourdain throws light on the builder, Thomas Rowney, of whom we have records in Anthony Wood's diary. On September 20th, 1695, "Mr. Thomas Rowney, who stood to be Burgess of Oxford, entertained his voters and cost him £20, and they went away Civilly." A rival, however, entertained his men on the following Monday, and they went to Rowney's house in St. Giles and hooted there, "and he came out and hooted with them."

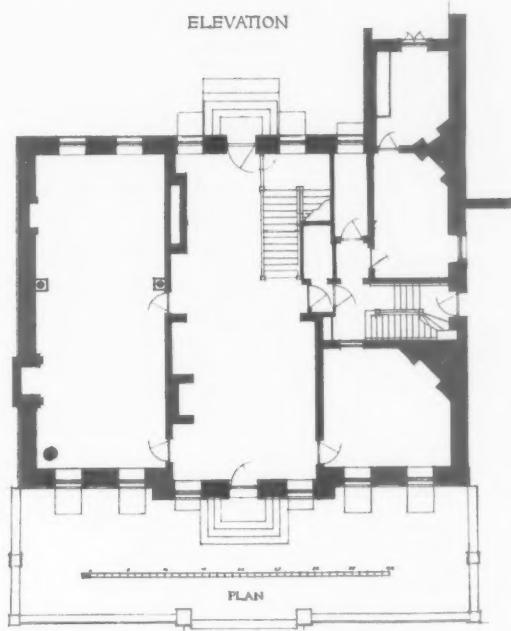
THE JUDGES LODGINGS

NO 16 ST GILES OXFORD

INCHES 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 FEET



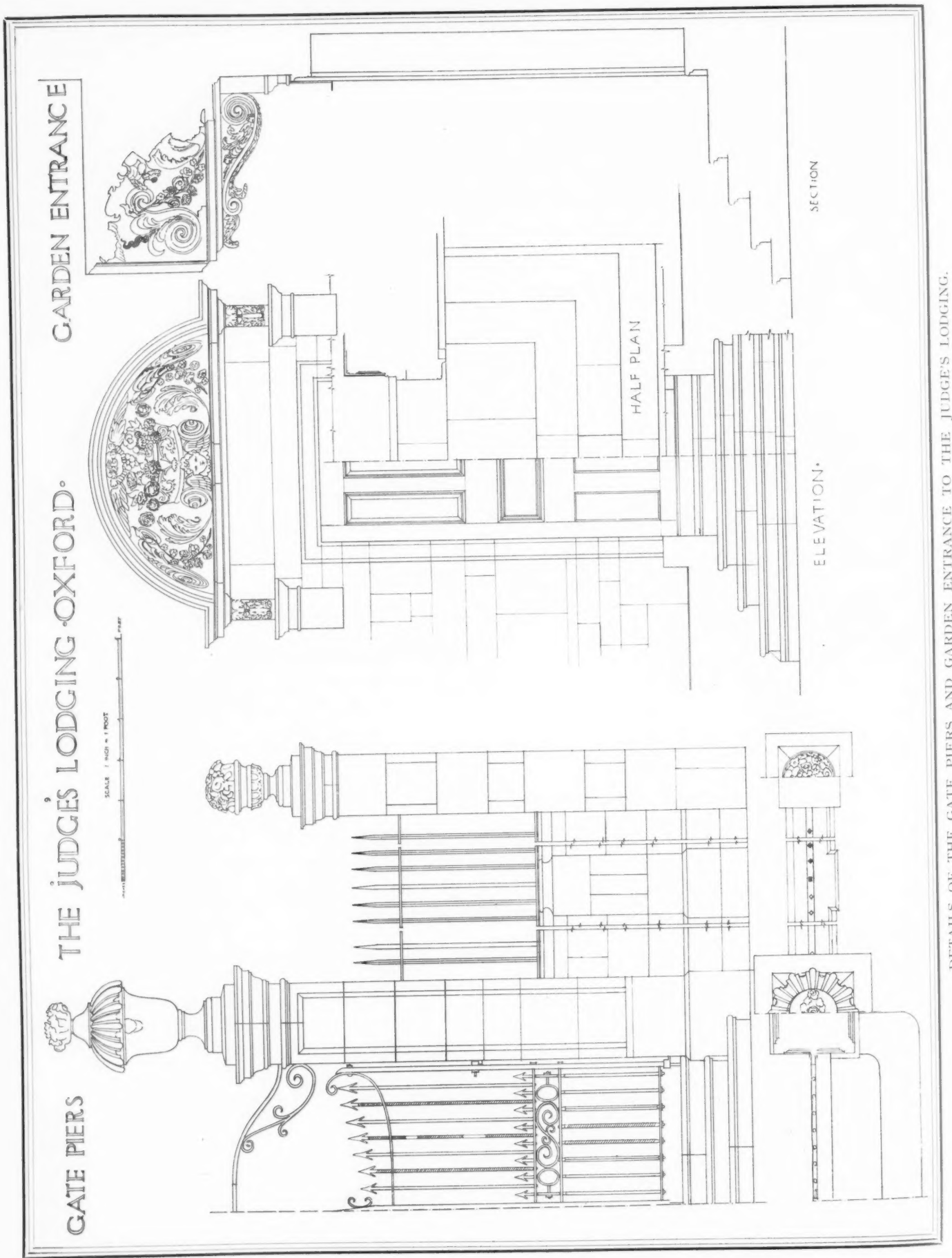
ELEVATION



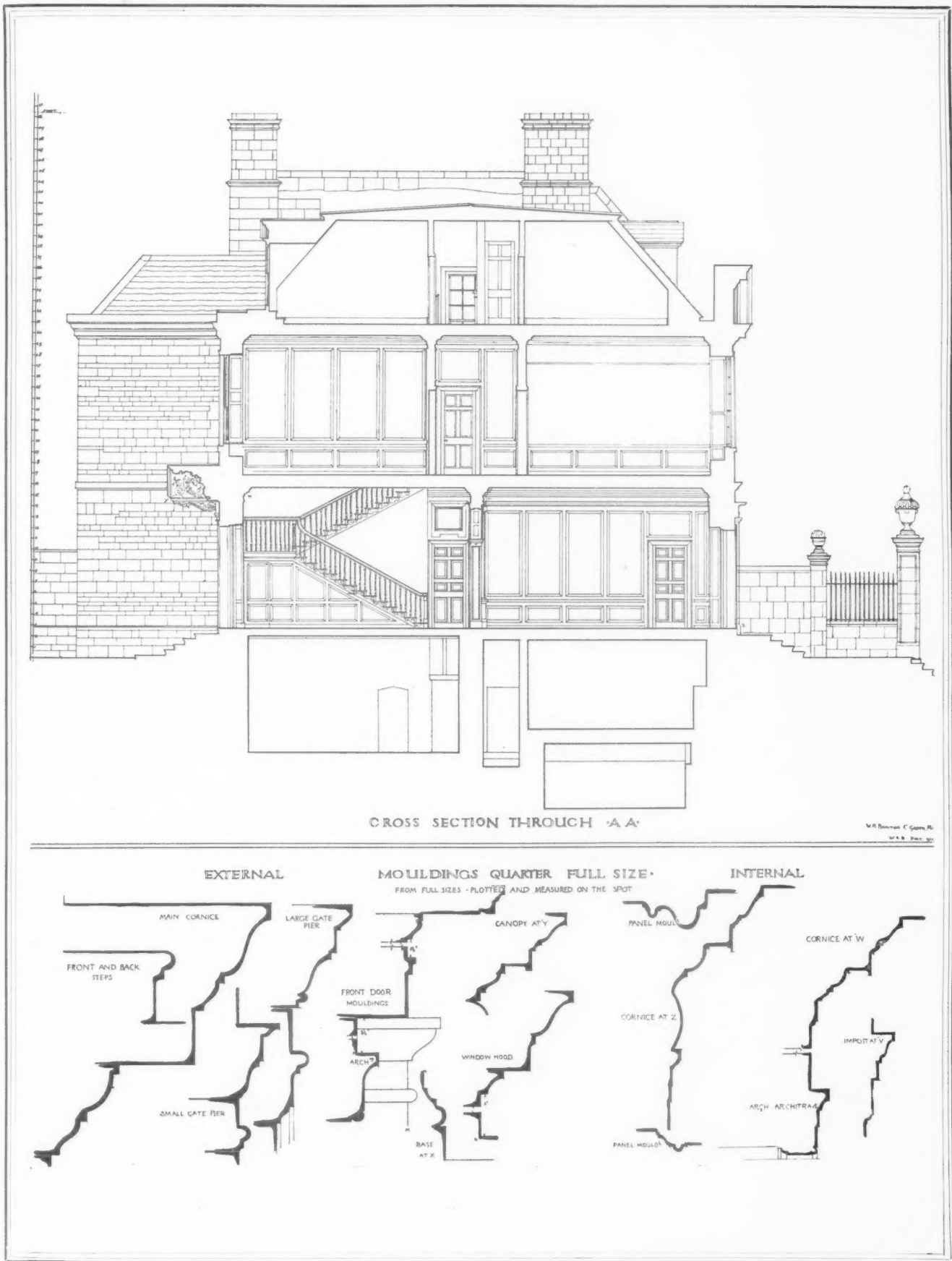
PLAN

W.B. & C. 1841.
C. Green. Decr. 1844.

THE FRONT TO ST. GILES.



DETAILS OF THE GATE PIERS AND GARDEN ENTRANCE TO THE JUDGE'S LODGING.



A SECTION THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE JUDGE'S LODGING.

Correspondence.

The Æsthetics of Architecture.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—The article by Mr. Vernon Blake in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for January, entitled, "The Æsthetics of Architecture," leads one to hope that many chapters of his forthcoming book, "Relation in Art," will be devoted to this rather neglected subject.

Mr. Blake strikes one as almost unduly tentative in his open question as to whether the language of expression will benefit by the creation of an explanatory syntax. To anyone having experience of teaching architecture the conviction soon takes form that a study of the grammar of design and expression not only helps to an understanding of the past, but very definitely assists the creative powers by bringing the mind to the rescue of an eye which is often fatigued by continued contemplation of a design in preparation. The artist's eye is not always up to its task of guiding the hand to perfection, even in those moments of careless rapture; and at such times the brain, logically trained, may profitably step in and take a sometimes brutal but salutary control.

In the first paragraph of the exposé of his ideas, Mr. Blake puts an unwavering finger on the Englishman's weakness in form sense, thus supporting one of the criticisms of modern architecture enunciated by Mr. Roger Fry in his "Architectural Heresies of a Painter." That one remark, laying bare a basic weakness in our architecture, explains also the tendencies of the modern foreign schools which are setting out to master form, a path in which we in England are taking our first few wary steps, leaning heavily on the traditional stick.

A second striking point is Mr. Blake's criticism of proportion in English architecture. He isolates the very valuable discovery that so many of our proportions are negative in effect; while harmless, they do not matter, they are correct in an innocuous sort of way. Reading this comment, one realizes one of the reasons for the attraction of modern Swedish work, where the proportions so often give the tonic key of character and expression.

I would trespass further to mention one other point—Mr. Blake's remark that the Renaissance-cum-pseudo-Gothic mixture of Milan Cathedral shocks, not because it is a mixture, but because the feeling of really sentient plasticity is absent. There is possible, from that statement, a deduction which might well be put into a designer's *credo*. More than a glimmering of Mr. Blake's truth must have penetrated into the minds of a few of our colleagues abroad, such a one for example as Ragnar Ostberg.

I cannot help a feeling of wicked and pleasurable anticipation that Mr. Blake's book will be upsetting. I only hope that when it appears the polish of his expression will not draw attention away from the very valuable and positive assistance which the analysis he is undertaking provides to the designer of buildings.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

HOWARD ROBERTSON.

36 Bedford Square,
London, W.C.1.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Blake writes with enthusiasm and real eloquence, but is not quite convincing in the generalizations on which he bases his argument. The English, he says, have little sense of form, and though he admits the merit of English domestic architecture as an expression of emotional temperament, he contends that the English never assimilated either Gothic or Renaissance architecture, whereas the French did both. The question as to the relations of French and English Gothic is an old one. Even Viollet le Duc admitted the possible independence of English Gothic, and there is not the slightest doubt that, whatever the ultimate origin of either, English Gothic developed on lines of its own, into a purely national vernacular. A study of our older country churches would, I think, modify Mr. Blake's

criticisms of the aberrations of our cathedrals. Mr. Blake refers to Lincoln, and in contrasting the west front very unfavourably (and, I think, rightly) with the east end, refers to the existence at Lincoln of "a purely French fragment, the apse." But is there an apse at Lincoln? Let Mr. Blake look at his own illustration.

As to the Renaissance, it is perfectly true that on the Loire, and elsewhere, the French sixteenth century produced a characteristic version of the Italian Renaissance, by means of the introduction of Neo-Classical detail into what were, to all intents and purposes, Gothic buildings. With all the immense difference of national temperament, precisely the same thing was done in England in the sixteenth century, with results as characteristically English as the châteaux of the Loire are French. Mr. Blake should study the work of his own countrymen before allowing himself these condemnations of their work. If he knew England as well as he knows France he would find that his strictures have no foundation in fact. Following down the centuries he makes a grudging admission of the possibilities of order in "Queen Anne and Georgian façades," and even in the work of the lamented Nash. But did Inigo Jones do nothing in the way of architecture; or Christopher Wren, or Hawksmoor, or Gibbs, or Chambers, or Wood of Bath, or Robert Adam, or even the Revivalists, Decimus Burton or Cockerell? When all is said and done France has no building to show in the same class as St. Paul's. Greenwich and Hampton Court are far more satisfactory, architecturally, than anything at Versailles, except, perhaps, the Orangery; Nancy is not finer than Bath. Had these men no sense of "proportion controlled and intentional"? Are these great architects to be brushed aside as of no account? Sweeping generalizations are dangerous unless they are based on a solid foundation of fact, and Mr. Blake seems to have overlooked the first condition of good building, when he says that "England may be declared non-existent in the matter of architecture." I say, on the contrary, that English architecture of the past has been the characteristic expression of a very great people; as authentic as French architecture is of France, or Italian of Italy, and it is time we gave up the silly habit of self-depreciation which our friends in two continents are foolish enough to take at the foot of the letter.

Let me add in passing that Mr. Blake seems to miss the essential quality of Roman architecture as much as he misses that of English. Comparisons of the "ponderous magnificence of Rome" with the "delicate glory of Greece" are, simply, wide of the mark. The Roman was out for purposes totally different from those of the Greek. The Greek was an artist in pure form, he was intent on chastening existing forms to their uttermost, and was not in the least anxious to invent new ones. The Roman, practical and political from first to last, was really a pioneer and bold adventurer in building construction; ornament to him was a side issue, and the only mistake he made was that he did not drop it entirely. The idea that Roman architecture was nothing more than a travesty of Greek is quite unhistorical, and ought to be thrown on the rubbish heap with other fallacies, such as that the Renaissance in Italy, France, and England was a glorious chapter closing with the sixteenth century, instead of being, what it really was, the hesitating, uncertain introduction of a new era, that reached maturity in the eighteenth century, and through many vicissitudes may yet be alive in the twentieth.

Mr. Blake's articles are entitled "Æsthetics of Architecture," but I find myself unable to disentangle what his theory really is. Architecture, he says, is influenced by its environment, (1) by the mental position of the artist, (2) by the "necessity of maintaining a harmony between the building and its surroundings." He attributes certain qualities of English Gothic to "the smaller and more picturesque forms of the ambient English countryside"; and he proceeds to reinforce his argument by an enthusiastic reference to Chinese architecture. The pagoda at Yuan Ming Yuan "seems to repeat in spirit the tree forms of the surrounding conifers," but if the conifers were planted after the pagoda was built, or if the conifers tumble down, what becomes of the argument? The bridge of Loko Ch'iao is an elegant structure, and its pointed arch makes a pretty frame for the

andscape beyond it, but no horse or cart could ever go over it, and the poor gentleman who has reached the top appears to be already overcome by his exertions. Mr. Blake seems to think this might be useful as a suggestion to our designers; but, after all, a bridge has to be used. All architecture depends on conditions of material, of the purpose of the building, and the temperament of the designer; of these conditions Mr. Blake seems to ignore all but the last.

He suggests that there may be a hope for architecture in the principle of "relativity." I have to admit that I do not in the least understand that principle, but I note that it is not yet universally accepted. In another sense, of course, all architectural design is relative, in the sense that the value of solid is in relation to void, of height in relation to breadth, of ornament in relation to the plain surface, in other words, that in good architecture any given part has only value in relation to the effect of the whole; but this has always been recognized as of the very essence of architecture. As to those details which Mr. Blake would delete, the capitals of columns, cornices, and so on, Mr. Blake seems to forget that they may have a structural purpose; the capital of a column gives a wider bearing, and that is why sensible architects prefer the Doric to the foolishness of the Corinthian capital, and a cornice protects the wall below in a very valuable way. There is no necessity to use these familiar features if they are not required for the purposes of building, but when they are, why should one deprive oneself of features which answer their purpose and also please the eye? In the ambitious attempts now being made in large commercial buildings to arrive at something quite new by dispensing with what is old, the result is sheer ugliness, and, of course, just as great a sham as all the fripperies of modern Neo-Classical which Mr. Blake quite rightly condemns, in regard to the fact that neither the one nor the other have the slightest relation to the actual structure of the building.

Mr. Blake seems to forget that we are not a new people, but a very old one. In spite of the immense advances made in applied science during the last hundred years, we are (and it is fortunate that we are) temperamentally not so very different from what our forbears were a hundred years ago. We inherit from them that vast subconscious area of instinct and emotion which has probably a far more important bearing on our lives than we are conscious of. Some years back a famous French surgeon remarked that our thoughts and our discoveries are often merely "the résumé of observation of the past, not only of that past from which we directly derive our instructions, but of a *past of which we have no knowledge*," and if this is so, it is no use turning our backs on the past, and tying ourselves into knots in a frantic struggle to be new and original. This is what has happened among the painters, and in a less degree among the sculptors, though one is glad to note that the best of the younger men are returning to the old ways which are the better. Mr. Blake says architecture would seem to be "in still greater doubt than the allied arts of painting and sculpture." This is not so. When there are thousands of architects at work there must, of course, be diversity of practice. But the best of them do not wander in the wilderness. Their ideal is to develop and extend existing architectural expressions to suit the ever-varying needs of the problems set them; not to waste their time and their employers' money in an attempt to invent a new architecture.

Let me add that the two articles are only excerpts from a larger work now in the press, and that, though I seem to find myself in complete disagreement with Mr. Blake, I also find his work most stimulating. Mr. Blake is well known as a very sincere and able artist, who has thought much about art, and I look forward with real interest to the publication of his complete work.

I am, etc.,

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

Exhibitions.

LEFÈVRE GALLERIES.—The exhibition of works by some British artists of to-day, in style follows hard after the French. There is really very little that with truth could be called distinctly British; the only thing is that they have been done by British artists.

Nothing very special of Mr. Peploe's is shown here, but one is inclined to think that he is the most accomplished and experienced of the group, together with Mr. Fergusson, whose work greatly resembles that by this artist.

Mr. Peploe's French landscape is rather cold in colour, but it has that strong construction so often seen in Cézanne's best work. All the objects in this picture take firmly a definite shape, and are purposeful and necessary to the composition.

Mr. Fergusson has travelled a long way out into the open sea of modernity, and—although he frequently appears in danger of being wrecked—it cannot be said that he often effects a successful landing upon any firm ground of definite artistic achievement. Yet he is a "trier," and is not content with easy ways to success or popularity, either of which he could have had, for one can remember that in his early days he was what might be called a "normal" painter, following harmlessly the methods of the Glasgow school, and some of his work was quite Whistlerian. But he has chosen more venturesome ways, and is entitled to respect for so doing, although one may not see eye-to-eye with him or quite understand what he is at.

THE WALKER GALLERIES.—The exhibition of water-colour drawings of India, Italy, France, and London, by Mr. Frank Lishman, showed the faults as well as the qualities of the architect when he depicts natural scenes.

The architect's rigid training often prevents him from putting down things as they appear at a first glance; his knowledge impedes his emotional impressions from being recorded spontaneously. His conscientious endeavour to portray and do impartial justice to every step in a stairway, sometimes makes him lose altogether the spirit of a scene. Then very often, when he does loosen up a bit on one side of his picture, the other side will be recorded tightly, reverting to type, as it were.

On the other hand, the precise manner in which windows and other details are put in is refreshingly free from guesswork. But architects must sometimes forget all their carefully accumulated knowledge if they would render the fresh appearance of Nature.

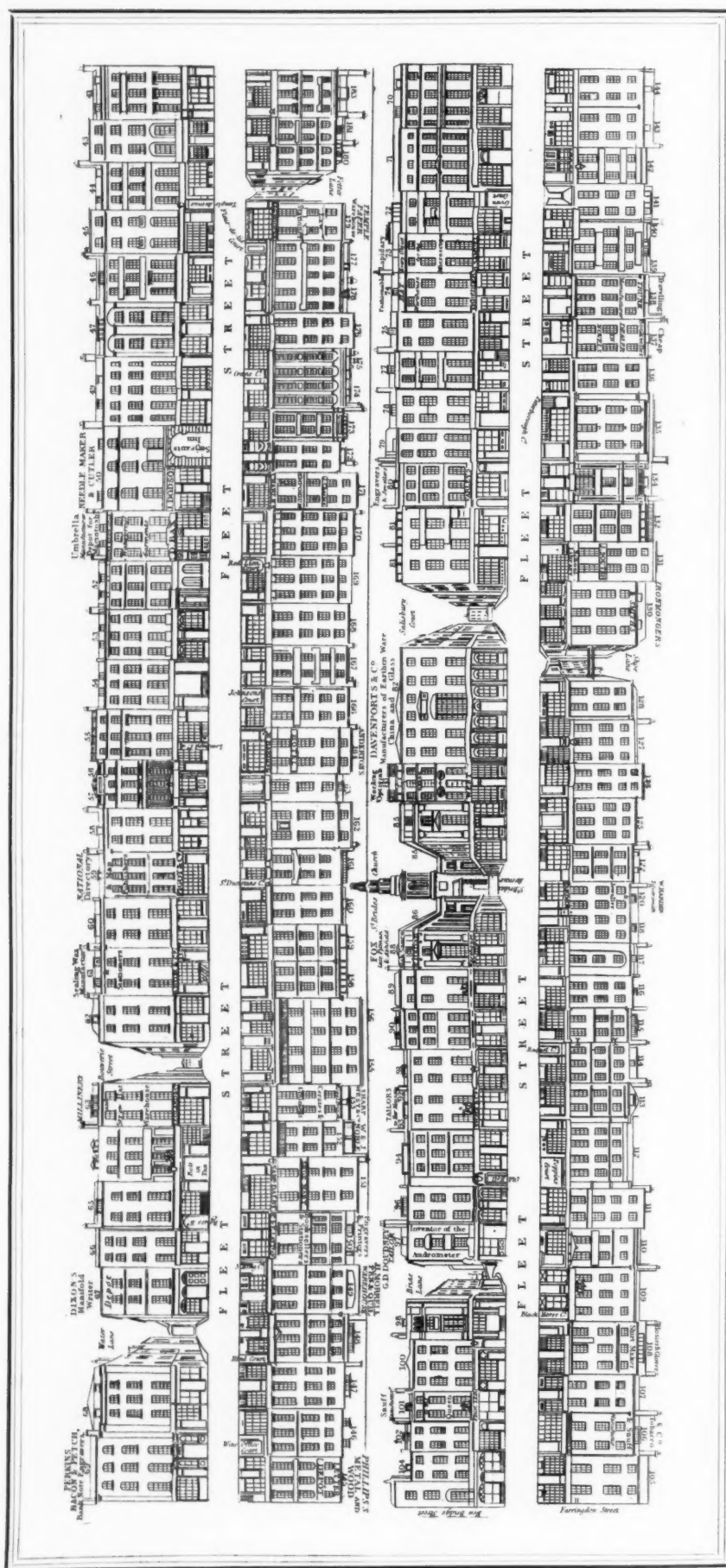
Although the foregoing remarks are intended as generalizations, they do in some measure apply to Mr. Lishman's work in particular. Yet sometimes Mr. Lishman shows a freedom which brings him into line with the late Mr. Fox-Pitt, as, for instance, in "Mentone" (35). In other work the methods of Mr. Walcot have been tried, as in "Night on the Rialto" (43) and "Hyde Park Corner" (21).

SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS.—This exhibition is quite up to the average standard of the shows which can be seen in London.

Mrs. Granger-Taylor's pastels again show her to be an artist of considerable power, with fine artistic instincts, and, speaking generally, there is no lack of technical accomplishment; but one would prefer less of this, and more individual feeling. From this point of view I liked "The Park in June" (222), an oil-painting by Miss Mary Attenborough. It gives one the impression of the mixed crowd one usually sees either in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens. There is a certain casualness about it, too, which somewhat disarms criticism; very often a tremendous effort to accomplish something wonderful will call forth in the beholder a proportionately critical attitude, whereas work done with no great sense of personal effort, but simply for the pleasure of doing it, will touch quite a different chord.

SCHOOL OF WOOD-CARVING.—This school, which is at 39 Thurloe Place, S.W., has been in existence for a long time, but this is the first public exhibition it has had. It is aided by the London County Council and the Board of Education. The aim of the school is "To provide facilities for the study of wood-carving and its kindred arts, and to assist students to appreciate what is best in craftsmanship and design."

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



Tallis's London Street Views.

XIV—Fleet Street.

THE present section of Tallis's Street Views takes us from No. 41 Fleet Street (at the top right-hand corner) to its end at New Bridge Street, Blackfriars. With certain exceptions the façades presented to us are essentially those of business premises, and there is a uniformity about them which obviates the necessity of any special comment with regard to their architectural features. Here and there, such as at No. 47, and at Nos. 85 and 87, at the entrance to St. Bride's Avenue, there is a feeble attempt at decorative distinction, but it is only noticeable because of its rarity. This being so, I can at once proceed to note anything that is interesting historically and topographically.

In the first place, then, No. 41, in addition to being, as we see, the shop of Sibert, the tailor, also contained the offices of "John Bull," a newspaper that has had a recrudescence in another form in our day. At No. 50 will be observed the old entrance to Serjeant's Inn, which has since given place to one of those elaborate structures with which our great insurance offices are decorating London. Nos. 56 and 57, with the clustered first-floor windows, was then the premises of the "Green Dragon" wine vaults, run by one R. T. Fellows. Bouverie Street, to which we shortly come, is interesting in itself, but chiefly, perhaps, because Hazlitt once lived in it, and because Messrs. Bradbury and Evans's printing establishment there is so largely identified with the publication of "Punch." Beyond can be distinguished the opening to the yard of the "Bolt in Tun Coach Office and Hotel," as it is rather grandiloquently termed in Tallis's Directory. It was a noted place, of great antiquity, and is mentioned in many an ancient deed connected with this part of what in old days was called Whitefriars, and—when it became noted for the unruly character of its inmates—Alsatia. Next door is the "Boar's Head," so marked, although in the Directory No. 65, under which its entrance runs, is given as being occupied by Cockerell and Stockwell, bootmakers. Probably the tavern existed up the court. It was a place of some antiquity, and is said to have dated from 1646. Water Lane, close by, is memorable because Goldsmith's tailor, Filby, lived in it, and also because Tompion, the famous clockmaker, had his shop at one of the corner buildings in Fleet Street, No. 67, which was distinguished in his day by the sign of "The Dial and Three Crowns."

Continuing on the third row of elevations, at No. 70, we pass Crown Court, chiefly notable because it communicated with Hanging Sword Alley, immortalized in "A Tale of Two Cities." Salisbury Court, some ten houses farther east, is interesting in a variety of ways: as perpetuating the one-time Salisbury House; the Dorset Gardens Theatre of Caroline days; and the establishment of Samuel Richardson, who lived and wrote here, and here received so much homage, from his female readers in particular.

The most considerable shop



ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

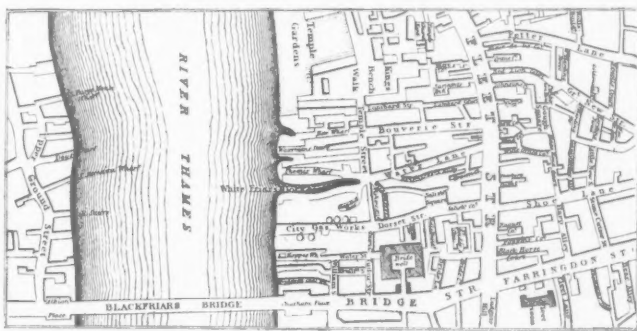
in this quarter was the china warehouse of Messrs. Davenport, at No. 82, and its façade has quite an imposing character; but something far more impressive is at hand, the church of St. Bride, which Wren crowned with the loveliest of his steeples—that "madrigal in stone," as W. E. Henley felicitously termed it. The avenue, we see, was only opened in 1825, so was relatively new at the time of Tallis's perambulation. The offices of "Punch" were once at the south-west corner; while two taverns were situated close by: "The Old Bell," at No. 95, and "The Crown," at No. 99, the latter an old house dating from 1630 or earlier.

Reversing the plan and proceeding west again, at No. 105 we come to that most interesting old alley, Poppin's Court, now wholly transformed, and preserving nothing of the ancient *aura* conveyed by its name derived from the "Poppinjay," the inn of the Abbots of Cirencester. We have passed Black Horse Alley, between Nos. 108 and 109, and come, at No. 114, to Racquet Court. The history of these Fleet Street courts goes back to Early Georgian and even earlier days, and some of them still retain architectural relics worth looking

at—while one has the opportunity; for who knows when the pickaxe will be brought into requisition, as it has been in many of them already? Next to the one-time office of "The Morning Advertiser," at No. 127, is Shoe Lane, known in the thirteenth century as Showell Lane, and so full of fascinating data that I dare not loiter at it. Peterborough Court, a little farther west, perpetuates the inn of that See, which was situated on its west side; but it is Wine Office Court, at No. 146, because of its association with Goldsmith, and the presence of the old "Cheshire Cheese" within it, that will prove chiefly attractive to those who seek to recapture the old world flavour in a Fleet Street that has become so modernized. Three Kings' Court and Hind Court have no special history; but Bolt Court is eloquent of the great genius of Fleet Street, whose bodily presence one somehow always feels when one takes a walk down that thoroughfare of adventure. Then there is Johnson's Court itself, not named after the great man, but wherein he once dwelt, styling himself (it must have been after his Hebrides visit) "Johnson of that ilk." Red Lion Court, much

connected with printers in the past, and Crane Court, where one of the Barebones lived, and the Royal Society had its headquarters (the façade of the house under which it runs should be noted), bring us to Fleur-de-Lis Court, where Mrs. Brownrigg murdered her apprentice, and finally to Fetter Lane, after Chancery Lane the most important of the tributaries that flow into Fleet Street and add to its perennial bustle and activity.

E. BERESFORD CHANC



A PLAN OF FLEET STREET.

Recent Books.

The Garden City.



A COTTAGE IN MEDWAY, GIDEA PARK.

Designed by Ernest Willmott.
From "Garden City Houses."

Garden City Houses and Domestic Interior Details. London: The Architectural Press Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

The fourth edition of "Garden City Houses and Domestic Interior Details," which has recently been published by The Architectural Press, is a great improvement on its predecessors, and few could quarrel with the selection of houses which are now illustrated, although there is one in the collection that might have been better omitted.

It is harking back some way to the days of Gidea Park and the architectural competition which produced it (one of the cleverest schemes ever invented for getting houses built without providing any capital whatsoever), and it is surprising how well a number of these houses still look, although we may consider that the design of the small house has improved very considerably since that day. Among the best of these should be placed Mr. Reginald T. Longden's house in Parkway, with mansard roof very well handled; the charming essay in the Dutch manner by Messrs. Michael Bunney and Clifford Makins, and Mr. Geoffrey Lucas's prize design, delightful in elevation, but not so good as to its plan.

The present edition has been enlarged, and we think improved by examples of housing work by Messrs. Adshead and Ramsay, Alwyn Lloyd, Louis de Soissons, Stanley J. Wearing, and others, as well as by the inclusion of numerous detached houses not coming within this category. We ought to be especially grateful to the first-named as pioneers, who showed us that a cottage is not necessarily a gabled affair with casement windows, but may have all the dignity which is supplied by sash windows and a simple cornice.

We are sorry that Mr. Patrick Abercrombie does not do more cottage work, as it would be hard to improve upon his design for a pair of cottages at Molesworth, near Chester.

Sir Edwin Lutyens's houses round the church in the Hampstead garden suburb will always remain the best feature of that estate, which suffers from too much individuality, even though it must be the best collection of small houses in the world.

There are forty pages of details of internal fittings, staircases, panelling, fireplaces, etc., which can hardly be said, in the majority of cases, to apply to garden city houses, but they are more interesting for that reason. We know from experience that with houses of minimum cost, such as the majority that are illustrated, the internal detail is of the simplest character. The quality of these details will be gathered from the fact that they have been contributed by such well-known domestic architects as the late Ernest Newton, Messrs. O. P. Milne, Richardson, and Gill, F. S. Chesterton, E. Turner Powell, and E. Guy Dawber, to mention but a few.

To return to the front of the volume, the specification for a garden city house by Mr. T. M. Wilson will be very useful to young architects, although it is hardly full enough for, and was probably not intended as, a model; the set of drawings upon which it is based are very clear and efficient, and the plan of the house extremely ingenious.

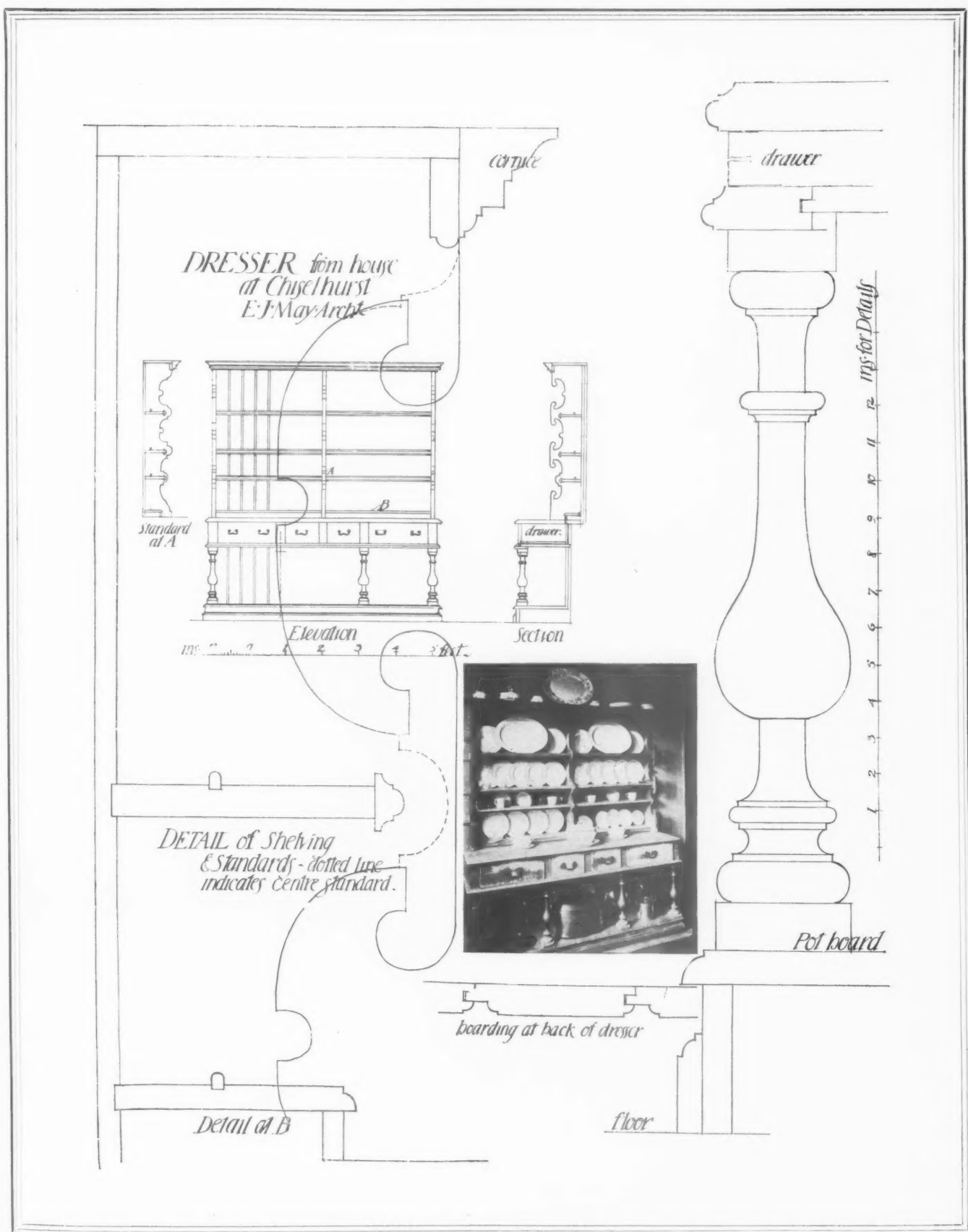
The book is very reasonable in price, and will be found to be of great value to students and to architects interested in domestic work, and further, it should appeal to many members of the general public.

C. H. JAMES.



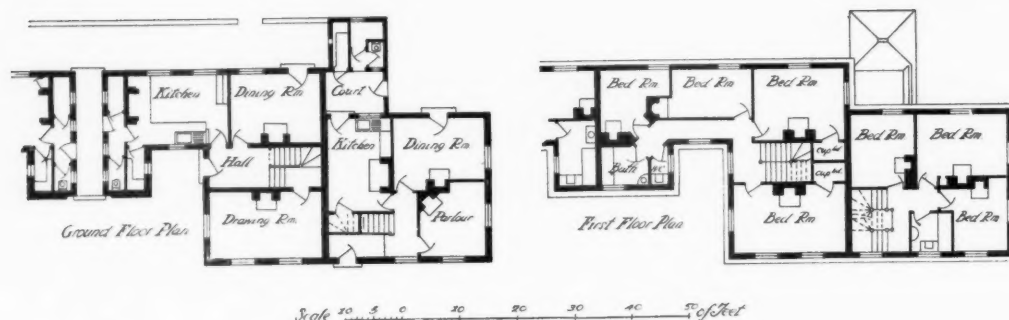
A HOUSE IN PARKWAY, GIDEA PARK.

Designed by Geoffrey Lucas.
From "Garden City Houses."



A DRESSER IN A HOUSE IN CHISLEHURST.

Designed by E. J. May.
From "Garden City Houses."



PLANS OF HOUSES IN ERSKINE HILL BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A.

Small Houses for the Community.

Small Houses for the Community. By C. H. JAMES and F. R. YERBURY. 1924. Crosby, Lockwood & Son. 31s. 6d.

The presence in the title of this fine book of the words "the Community" indicates something of the change that has overtaken architecture and architects in the last generation or so. The architect does not design any longer merely for individual house owners or house renters, nor, on the other hand, for a mass of such persons. He has to be something of a sociologist, an economist, an artist, and even to know a good deal about the domestic problems that arise from day to day to the modern house-dweller. He recognizes the existence of that entity called here, broadly, "the community." These facts have affected very largely the art of recent architecture.

This book is appropriately introduced by Mr. Raymond Unwin, who knows these things intimately. The chapters, to the number of six, deal with the survey of the problem, selection of site, economics, site planning, design, and materials, construction and internal arrangements, and finish; and there are over 140 plates and detailed drawings.

The authors are well known to the architectural world, and their work is very carefully done. They give in Chapter 3 a short account of Public Utility Societies, and in Chapter 1 they proclaim the disappearance of the speculative or private builder of houses to let, who has, they think, departed before the blast of the Rent Restriction Acts. This may be so with regard to the older type of speculative builder, but who knows that a modernist speculative builder may not appear to build small houses for the community, and even to employ Mr. James to design and Mr. Yerbury to advise him?

The plates themselves cannot be described in detail. It is sufficient to say that a glance at them gives great encouragement to those who are inclined to despair of modern British domestic architecture.

W. L. HARE.

Young Russia.

Gegenwartskunst - Russland. By FRITZ KARPEN. Vienna: Verlag-Literaria. 8vo, pp. 50 + illus. 21.

Young Russian art is a strange, aspiring, disdainful, mystic thing. Most Russian art is mystic; much of it was devoted to religion and formed its seemly outlet. To-day the Russian spirit has lost its religion but retained its mysticism, but with an impatience that soon tires and wears down the spirit which takes refuge in persiflage like that of Chagall here illustrated; or in the savage hewing of a tree into the semblance of a human being shaped by a tree as in the sculpture of Konenkov, or with the cultivated powers of draughtsmanship of Archipenko, suavely turning them to the productions of Cubism of which several examples are given. Most disdainful of all is Kandinsky, who sees nature in terms of a quarrel. There are many other young Russian artists, some of those dealt with by Fritz Karpfen, some not, who would be startled if they found that one of their admirers loved also the things of old Russia and the pictures in the Hermitage. But this is not incredible; for the modern Russians have the engaging spirit of their ancestors and their love of true beauty.



A GENERAL VIEW.

HOUSES IN ERSKINE HILL, HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB.

Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.

From "Garden City Houses."